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National Catholic Magazine

OCTOBER 1959—35¢

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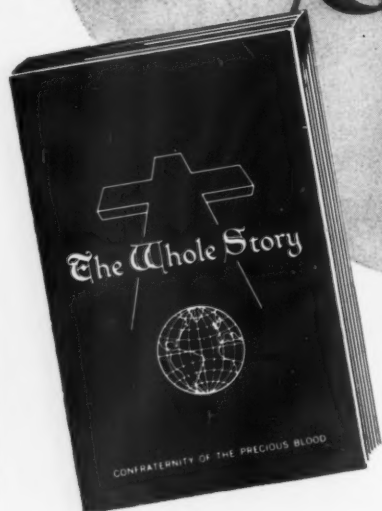
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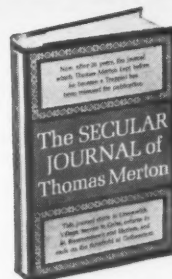
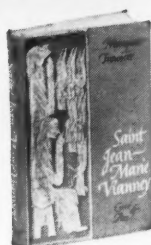
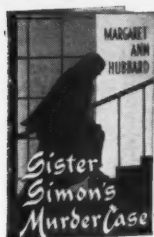
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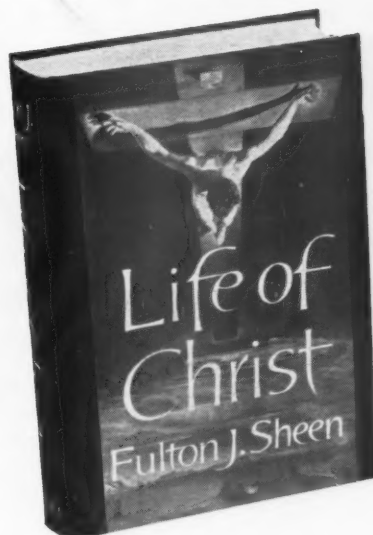
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Letters

SODALITIES

As a member of the Bis Saeculari
Sodality of the Summer School of Catholic
Action at Fordham University, I would
like to express my gratitude for your article
entitled: "The Sodality Isn't For Sissies,"
by Douglas J. Roche, in the August issue.

It is the first article I have read that
so clearly defines the Sodality's purpose
for existence, in a magazine with such a
large number of readers. As a whole, the
Sodality is an enigma to most people who
don't understand its apostolate of devotion
to the Blessed Mother, personal sanctification,
and, so important, sanctification
of others.

The author is so right! Sometimes the
Sodality is considered too girlish, but
some of the most outstanding Sodalists I
know are boys. They are not sissies but
are completely normal athletes and students
who are liked by all. They are typical in
all respects, excepting one—their desire
to be the very best Sodalists possible.

Mr. Thomas Monahan is an ideal example
of an outstanding Catholic layman
enkindled by the Sodality way of life "to
set the world on fire for Christ."

Don't misunderstand me; the girls in
our Sodality are not to be pushed to the
background. Each month we assume an
apostolate that will be beneficial to the
school in addition to our personal apostolates.
We get results too.

MARGARET FERMOYLE
WEST ROXBURY, MASS.

Thanks ten million for the energy and
skill with which you present Sodalities to
your readers in so excellent a manner.
This has been a contribution of truly great
moment to the advance of the Sodality
movement in the United States. You have
the most sincere gratitude of all of us.

JAMES J. MCQUADE, S.J.
NATIONAL SODALITY PROMOTER
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Congratulations on your recent article
entitled: "The Sodality Isn't For Sissies,"
in the August issue of **THE SIGN**. So many
people have the wrong idea of what the
Sodality really is, and I'm sure that this
article will help many people to have a
clearer understanding of the Sodalities of
Our Lady in America. It is important for
the future work of the Sodality that more
Catholics be aware of the scope and neces-
(Continued on page 4)

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sity of the lay apostolate. This article will certainly make present Sodalists more aware of their role and will certainly help in making more Catholics interested in the work of the Sodality.

PATRICIA ANN PARACHINI
SILVER SPRING, MD.

UNFINISHED REFORMATION?

I have just read the article "The Unfinished Reformation" with great interest, and if I were a theologian instead of a mere public-information type, I would really seek an opportunity to argue some of these points with Father Hardon.

It is an extremely interesting article. I find his arguments cogent, but only if you accept his assumptions—and most of them I find to be unwarranted, as I find many of his "facts" to be so loosely presented as to come perilously close to departing from fact.

For example, the Reformation, so-called, did not begin with Martin Luther, but with Jan Huss, nearly a hundred years earlier, and strictly speaking, not even with him, because a lot of his ideas he got from Wycliffe, and Wycliffe himself was merely the heir of centuries of "lollardy" in England where the Church, Roman and Catholic in doctrine and practice, never accepted completely the authority of Rome until Henry II was stupid enough to lose his temper, with the result that some of his knights murdered Becket in Canterbury.

WILLIAM FRYE
OFFICE OF INFORMATION
NATIONAL COUNCIL OF THE CHURCHES
OF CHRIST IN THE U.S.A.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE SIGN for August brings an article "The Unfinished Reformation" by Rev. John A. Hardon, S.J.

I believe the article gives a base for constructive conversations between sincere Catholics and positive-thinking Protestants. Better understanding and more comprehension might come out of it, if Christian editors comment constructively upon it.

REV. A. ANGULO
NEW YORK, N. Y.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

THE SIGN has well told the NCWC story through the years, and with extraordinary frequency in recent months. Your July front-of-the-book "Happy Birthday" greetings on forty years of accomplishments of the National Catholic Welfare Conference as the secretariat of the U.S. Bishops are particularly appreciated.

We want to be among the first to express many happy returns in anticipation of THE SIGN's fortieth birthday in 1961.

REV. JOHN E. KELLY,
DIRECTOR, BUREAU OF INFORMATION
WASHINGTON, D. C.

GOD AND THE DEVIL

Thank you for your wonderful article on Guatemala. (August). I have returned

from a trip to Chichicastenango just this last week and the article is most welcome.

It is a beautiful country and the evidences of Catholicism are most inspiring. I had no opportunity to do more than ask Father Casas' blessing on a religious article I had purchased. He was surrounded by the Indians as he walked across the street.

So many of our history texts (on secondary level) depreciate the work of the Spanish in Latin America as having exploited a native people that I have felt for a long time the other side should be stressed. The beautiful churches from the sixteenth, and in some cases fifteenth century, are wonderful, but more so the contrast with the poor who are sitting in the courtyard, praying in the churches with a simplicity and a love that puts people like us to shame.

Thank you again and let us have more articles on our near neighbors who need our prayers and our love.

GRACE D. MULCAHY
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FACES OF THE EAST

Your August issue hits a new high in general excellence. I don't know when I have seen so many timely and well-written articles in one magazine. "Faces of the East" is terrific—and if I go on about each article I'll start to sound like a Hollywood press release.

MRS. A. O. BEYER, JR.
WICKLIFFE, OHIO

I had just finished reading the August issue of THE SIGN and have found it an interesting and thoroughly good magazine that can be read and understood by everyone who should read it.

I especially liked the five-page section in the August issue called "Faces of the East." . . .

RONNIE J. FERRARA
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

TORONTO

Since I have a number of friends among the Lithuanian-Canadians in Toronto, Ontario, Canada, I have read your article in the August issue headed "The Immigrants Who Changed a City" with a great interest.

I believe that the Lithuanian-Canadians of Toronto make one of the finest and most active Lithuanian communities in the free world.

Thanks to John Edwards, author of the article, and to THE SIGN for giving such fine publicity to Lithuanians and other national groups.

LEONARD VALIUKAS
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

HOFFA-ISM

In reference to your editorial "Hoffa-ism Must Go," in the August issue: you use the word "exposures," the newspapers use the word "charges." I think "facts" should be printed.

It's a fact that there's an organized

campaign afoot to break the back of an organization that tries and does help the underpaid human being to receive a decent day's pay for a *hard* day's work.

Most of the so-called "hoodlums" are men who were in prison once and were turned down for employment by the government and private industry. Through work of priests and ministers who understand human frailties and know union men in their communities, these men are being rehabilitated and given a second chance (something that the McClellan Committee wants to deny them). . . .

As Father C. Dumas Clark, S.J., of St. Louis, Mo., has said, "The Teamsters Union almost singlehanded have saved and made hundreds of men good citizens. They have saved the state thousands and thousands of dollars. We spent 22 billion on law enforcement and in comparison none on rehabilitation." This statement was made in his acceptance of a citizens' citation for community service in St. Louis. . . .

JOHN BEZOLD

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Congratulations on an extremely well written magazine, especially on your editorial "Hoffaism Must Go."

Keep up the good work.

A/2C GEORGE T. WILLIAMS

A. P. O. 937,

SEATTLE, WASH.

FOREIGN STUDENTS

In the June issue of THE SIGN Magazine there is an article about the McCue family and how they have foreign students visit them. Where can we contact these students so we can do the same?

I would also like to say that you have a fine magazine and it is read from cover to cover at our house.

NICOLO DEANGELIS

DARIEN, CONN.

Information about entertaining foreign students may be obtained from:

Fr. Andrew O'Reilly,
Catholic Center,
New York University,
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New York City

The Grail
370 Riverside Drive,
New York City

Fr. James Rea,
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New York City.

NO TV?

May something be said about your excellent July issue, which carried the article on TV?

Would the author care to know just one family, with three children under twelve, has lived very happily without any TV screen for over a year and a half?

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our twenty-one-inch screen!" Not one has kicked their mother in the knees and muttered "You terrible parent." They look and act as normal as all get out.

All around in our Suburbia where each house claims an acre of land, antennas sprout from every roof. Ours still stand. But nothing seeps into our den. A nice, green, luncheon cloth is draped over the twenty-one-inch screen out in the den. They aren't there at night. Instead, they drift into the living room with us. Their hands? They pick up books and magazines after the homework the nuns have given them is done. Their minds? They speak out. To us, their parents. And us? We listen! It's wonderful.

You see? It can be done. A home existing without a TV going. And, it's more *restful and invigorating* than any parent could ever believe.

MRS. R. E. VOGT
BIRMINGHAM, MICH.

Margaret Little's letter "What About TV" (August) prompted this letter. There is a saying quoted in another communication in the "Letters" column to the effect that evil thrives because good men do nothing. If Catholics, and not only Catholics but all those interested in good television programs, would swamp the stations with protests condemning the brutal actions portrayed in these pictures, not only the quick-drawing and inevitable gun whipped out on every occasion but the savage beatings, long-drawn-out and sickening, that are held up as a mark of manhood to our youthful audiences, how can we expect our young people to form a right conscience in regard to the evil of unlawful violence? . . .

MARION McGRATH
NEWARK, N. J.

WOMEN'S MAGAZINES

I read Katherine Burton's July column on women's magazines and the *Ave Maria* tirade, too, and I couldn't agree with you more. Women's magazines are fine, and I felt the attack quite unjustified.

I wrote to the *Journal* a letter of praise for the same article you mention, "The Challenge of Chastity," and told them I had cut it out and saved it, and that my brother, a priest, had used parts of it in a sermon. As Father Keller says, support good things by praise or correct by suggestion rather than by bitter criticism.

Mr. Herr had better concentrate his harsh words on another set of magazines, and there's a lot to be excited about there, the so-called "men's magazines." Except for a few older ones, they all reek!

Thank you for your interesting article.
MRS. ROMAN WALIKO
DETROIT, MICH.

PAPAL ENCYCLICALS

I recently read an issue of *THE SIGN* in which a Mexican priest, in an article on modern Mexico, is quoted as saying that the great need in his country is the teaching of the Papal Encyclicals on social problems.

(Continued on page 8)

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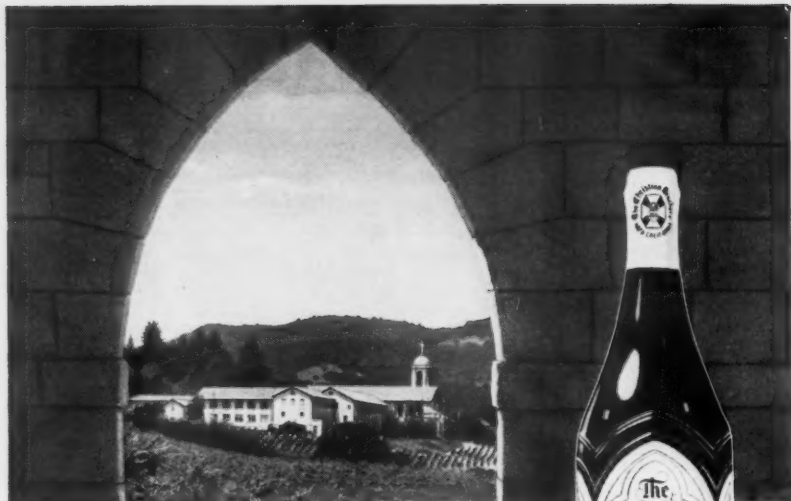
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In 1937, Pius XI, in *Divini Redemptoris*, defined the universal problem of the Church, its solution, and its reconstruction in three paragraphs.

"The task of the Church in our time—is resisting unto victory the attack of Communism." (par. 73.) This defeat can only be accomplished by a worldwide holy crusade of prayer and penance (par. 59).

For the reconstruction of the social order it is "necessary to promote a wider study of social problems," in the light of the doctrine of the Church under—"constituted authority" (par. 55).

Twenty-two years later, there is not one Catholic in a hundred in the United States who even knows the teaching of the Church regarding the two-fold aspect of ownership, because "constituted authority" hasn't taught the Papal Encyclicals to an effective degree.

Mexico doesn't have a monopoly on the need for such teaching.

C. T. CALLAHAN

TUCSON, ARIZ.

RICHARD SULLIVAN, ETC.

I just wanted to write and tell you how very interested I am in your magazine. The story by Richard Sullivan in the July issue really caught my fancy, to say nothing of how I thoroughly enjoyed Clare Boothe Luce. The religious articles seem so well balanced by the secular articles.

MRS. CHARLES A. GERBIG

DETROIT, MICH.

While I enjoyed Daniel Sullivan's poem, "Fribourg," on page 49 of the August issue of *THE SIGN*, my enjoyment was slightly marred by his rhyming "title" with "campanile." According to my copy of Webster's *Unabridged Dictionary*, the proper pronunciation of the latter word is "cam-pa-ni-le" (not "nile"). Only poetic license, therefore, would seem to save Mr. Sullivan from a false rhyme!

KATHERINE PEEK

MOLINE, ILL.

LABOR UNIONS

This is a belated letter of thanks and appreciation, but at this time apropos. God bless you for good words in regard to labor unions. It is good to know that we have someone to go to bat for us as the individual member does not have at his disposal countless newspapers, magazines, television, and radio to express himself.

MRS. HOWARD CAMERON

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

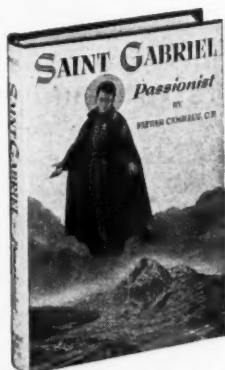
WEEK END

In your June issue, it was refreshing to read "The Week End," a Sign Picture Story of the McCues of Pearl River, N. Y. All the pictures were inspirational, especially the one of the family group gathered around a shrine reciting the Rosary. Thanks for this rare treat, and may God bless the McCues. Your June issue was most interesting.

ALICE V. GARLAN

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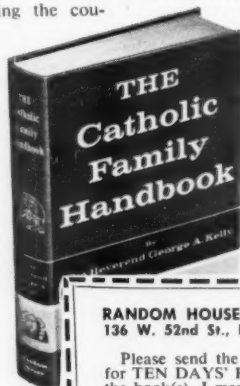
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October, 1959
Volume 39, No. 3

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Disagreement Among Catholics

MANY outside the Church have a notion that Catholics think and believe alike on nearly all questions. They presume that there is a Catholic viewpoint on practically every subject. They picture the Church as an authoritative institution that imposes thought forms from above. It's a sort of assembly-line process. The Pope makes a decision, passes it on to bishops and priests, who in turn make it known to the lay people.

No question about it, there is a hard core of doctrine accepted by all Catholics as revealed truth on the authority of the Church. But the area of defined truth is limited. Even a well-informed Catholic layman would be surprised, perhaps even shocked, at the many disagreements among professional theologians in approved text books of theology.

It seems to us that outside the area of defined truth there is very little agreement among Catholics.

Take the matter of liberalism and conservatism. Some glory in the title of liberal; others would as soon be called heretics or traitors. If you read certain Catholic papers or listen to some Catholic orators of the ultraconservative persuasion, a liberal is practically a traitor to God and country. To them liberalism means the same as it did in the Syllabus of Errors by Pius IX, with an added connotation of softness toward Communism.

A recent example of divided opinion among Catholics was the Khrushchev visit. Many Catholics—probably most—deplored the President's invitation to the Russian Premier. Some went so far as to label the visit one of the worst incidents in our entire history. Others praised it on the grounds that it might open a new avenue of approach to end the cold war and avoid a hot war.

We haven't made a survey of the Kennedy-for-President issue, but we are sure there is a wide difference of opinion among Catholics on this matter. Some favor him for what he stands for and also would like to see him nominated and elected in order to prove once and for all that a Catholic can be elected to the highest office in the land. Others dislike him for a variety of reasons or simply don't want the religious issue raised. They think it is better to let sleeping dogs lie.

Some Catholics think Castro is a Communist, or at least a fellow traveler or dupe of the Communists,

and that if not stopped he will make Cuba a Russian satellite. Others think he is acting in accord with Catholic social principles and is the savior of Cuba.

Catholics have been just about as divided as others on two of the most controversial figures of our generation—both Catholics—Father Charles Coughlin and the late Senator Joseph McCarthy. More Catholics are Democratic than Republican, although our mail would indicate at times that many who are nominal Democrats are Republicans at heart.

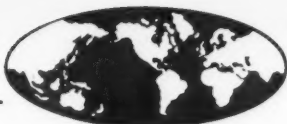
We have our share of anti-Communists who see the danger of Communism everywhere and of those who think Communism is no danger at all; of flag-waving nationalists and those who think patriotism somewhat naïve; of those who think the U.N. man's only hope for peace and those who think it a diabolical plot to foist world government on long-suffering humanity; of those who think foreign aid an act of Christian charity and those who think it is pouring American tax money down a foreign rathole; of those who accept fully Catholic teaching on social justice and those who think religion has no place in social and economic affairs; of those who implement Christian principles in race relations and those who are more Southern than Catholic—and they don't all live in the South.

Except in a limited area of faith and morals, Catholics are as divided in their viewpoints as any other religious group. Anyone who doubts this should read the editorials in Catholic papers and magazines. Just about all the editors have in common is the Faith of our fathers.

THIS is as it should be. Even in matters in which the Church lays down the principles to be followed, it is natural for prudent men to disagree on their application to concrete cases.

Disagreements, however, should always be objective. The essential virtue of Christian charity is wounded when disputants indulge in personalities, impute unworthy motives, or question the integrity and intelligence of those who disagree. Even these provisos leave plenty of room for a forceful presentation of our opinions.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



Editorials in Pictures and Print

More Than Justice Needed

A greater ideal than justice is needed to break prevailing deadlocks in labor-management relations. The Labor Day statement, issued by the Social Action Director of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, emphasized this.

In previous years, Labor Day statements released by N.C.W.C. have been concerned with social justice in rather controversial issues. This year, the statement was almost exclusively a spiritual document. A timely shift in emphasis, the statement picked up and applied to America the wise counsels recently presented by Pope John XXIII.

The Holy Father spoke to 35,000 Italian workers on May 1, Feast of Saint Joseph, the Worker. This feast coincides with Labor Day as traditionally observed in Europe. A stalwart man of goodness, the Pope spoke as the father of all mankind, far removed from narrow tribal allegiance. He appealed to all engaged in work, whether employer or employee, to re-examine the teachings of the Saviour; to re-ignite in their hearts respect for the other fellow; to show concern for the public interest of all. He urged them to shut their hearts to hatreds and to open them to more gentleness and patience in dealing with their fellow men. Optimistically, the Pope pleaded for all who engage in work to become apostles of goodness and gladness.

The Labor Day statement issued by N.C.W.C. elaborated this theme in view of current conditions in America. It ended with an appeal to all to rely more on prayer and faith, on love for God and man, as the ultimate means for solving problems which currently cause so much misery.

We welcome this shift of emphasis. Social charity has always motivated those big-hearted Catholics who sought to better relations between labor and management. But social justice was usually the measuring rod for solving particular issues and disputes.

Justice is necessary in human affairs. But justice is not enough. Every man wants justice. The cry for justice wells up in every human heart. But every man's egoism tends to exaggerate his claims to justice. Moreover, there is an old saying that supreme justice often causes supreme injury. A man can often lose a million dollars worth of happiness by insisting on ten cents worth of his constitutional rights.

Our Lord had a higher ideal. The Gospel record does not show Him encouraging us to insist on our own rights. Although it is a noble thing to insist on securing the rights of others, especially the rights of the weak and defenseless, yet Our Lord urged each man to act from a higher impulse where his own rights were concerned. He wanted each man to have an open-hearted attitude to all men—to rid his own heart of rancor, hatred, and bitterness. Especially in the Sermon on the Mount, He urged us to overcome evil by goodness, turning the other cheek by sacrificing at times some of our rights in the greater interest of peace—and a higher justice. This is strong medicine. But it is divine teaching. He assured us that if we seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice, all things will be added. It is a lesson sorely needed today.

THE PHOTO THE KREMLIN BARRED



UPI

This photo of a Chinese child holding an empty rice bowl was removed from the American Exhibition in Moscow after complaints by Soviet authorities. The picture, taken by George Silk, was part of Edward Steichen's famous "Family of Man" photographic display at the exhibit and was meant to be a universal symbol of hunger. American officials should have stood firm against intimidation, for there are 1.7 billion people in the world as hungry as this boy. As President Eisenhower said recently: "They are just going to have an explosion if we don't help"

AFRICA

Momentous change



UPI PHOTOS

We are witnessing a lightning burst of speed in Africa's evolution. Three examples: Above, an illiterate midwife in the Sudan learns to identify by taste medicine supplied by UNICEF. The country has only one doctor for every 72,000 people. Above right, Sudanese women are now participating in civic affairs for the first time in history. Right, in the Belgian Congo, ancient and modern Africa come face to face as Jean Bolikango, wearing a business suit, talks to spear-carrying tribesmen after his appointment to the Colonial government



GILLOON



Both priests and laymen can take a lesson in zeal from Father John A. O'Brien, of Notre Dame University, who spends part of each summer street-preaching in the South. Here, at Houma, La., he brings the truth and love of the Church to townspeople by willingness to go where they are

RELIGIOUS NEWS

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Eisenhower and the Royal Family in this pleasant scene at Balmoral, Scotland, reflect the finer qualities in both lands. Anglo-American relations have never been stronger

UPI



Crippled since birth, Patty Bradley, 17, of South Bend, Ind., has long wanted to meet Richard Cardinal Cushing. The prelate went one better, inviting Patty to journey to Lourdes on his next pilgrimage

RELIGIOUS NEWS



WIDE WORLD

The Shoppers Mall blooms in Kalamazoo, Mich., where formerly main-street traffic snarled bumper to bumper. Other cities can restore beauty to Main Street by banishing cars

Church Public Relations

There is an increasing awareness within the Catholic Church in America of the importance of developing good public relations. This was the note sounded at the seminar of the National Catholic Communications Association, conducted at Manhattan College last month. This is welcome news.

Too often the Catholic Church in America has suffered from poor representation, misrepresentation, and, at times, utter lack of representation. Compared to the emphasis placed on public relations by corporations, trade unions, and service industries, by political parties and government representatives, by colleges and universities, the children of this world have certainly been wiser in their generation than the children of light.

The Church, of course, cannot go in for all the trappings of Madison Avenue. The Church will always rely mainly on the goodness of her members in contacting the world in which she lives. Love for God and for our fellowmen, radiating from the splendor of Christ, will always be the essential attraction of the Church's message for people outside the Church.

Here the individual Catholic has a great mission, as well as the priest or bishop. In dealing with individuals, there is no official tag which can substitute for courtesy, kindness, thoughtfulness, decency, and propriety. Such innate goodness is strongly fortified when the individual Catholic can intelligently give a reason for the Faith that is in him.

At times, individual Catholics create an unfair image of the Church in the mind of the public by the manner in which they answer telephone calls, doorbells, and appeals from local editors and reporters for news coverage.

On the official front, much has already been accomplished in establishing a national Bureau of Information at N.C.W.C. in Washington. Many dioceses retain their own bureaus of information and of radio and television and also conduct regular channels of news in their diocesan papers.

A recent book, *A Handbook of Church Public Relations*, (reviewed in THE SIGN for August by Father John Kelly of N.C.W.C.) although not written by a Catholic, presents many practical aids for bishops, priests, and laity in improving the public relations of the Catholic Church in America. Living as we do, in an age of rapid, easy, and effective communications, it would be a tragic fault if Catholics failed to take account of such human advantages to advance the most important cause in the world: the cause of Jesus Christ and the true happiness of mankind.

Industry's Big Opportunity

Currently the two titans of industry (big unions and big business) are engaged in a test of strength. The probing and skirmishing may last for months—or for years. One thing is certain: while it lasts, America will stand still economically in a fast-moving world.

Business is the oldest of human arts. Increase of knowledge, development of applied science in manufacturing and communications, have brought big business to the empire stage. The modern corporation has surrounded management with battalions of specialists: directors, executives, managers, and supervisors; research scientists and technologists; equality control experts, motion study experts, safety engineers; market analysts, foreign trade analysts, economists; lawyers and tax experts; public relations men, motivational researchers, advertisers; labor relations experts; etc. Big business today has become vast and complex as it operates in a highly industrialized society.

But the trade unions have grown too. Labor leaders

also have surrounded themselves with batteries of lawyers, financiers, and researchmen. Prior to the steel strike which started last July, the steel union agreed on a contract with 250 bargaining items prepared by a corps of 150 statisticians, accountants, analysts, and lawyers.

The big unions also engage in economic research, conduct political action campaigns, retain lobbies, and engage in public relations. Separately or jointly with management, union officials are administering over 30 billion dollars worth of pension and welfare funds. Making investments, conducting health centers, clinics, summer camps, and running consumer education bureaus have all become part of big union operations in America today. Protected legally in their right to bargain collectively, the big unions today have gone beyond mere legal equality and have achieved a position of moral equality with big business. Management and labor have become two big partners in the industrial life of America. Ignoring this fact can become disastrous for the nation.

Labor should be accepted as an honorable partner. Such partnership places heavy responsibilities on trade union leadership. It demands that union leaders be intelligent, experienced in the realities of economic life. They must be fair-minded and alert to the welfare of the nation.

It is understandable that management is unwilling to listen to advice from ignorant people or men of dubious ambitions. It is understandable that management resents any arrogant claims on the part of workers to co-ownership or even co-management. But, just as the inner movement of history, through general education, has brought forth democratic forms of government where people insist that their voice be heard, so too the same inner movement of social life has brought the working class to a stage where more and more informed workers believe they have a right to be heard in at least some of the big decisions of management which seriously affect their lives.

The bargaining table is not enough to satisfy this human need. Too often collective bargaining is conducted in an atmosphere of mutual antagonism. We need more regional and national meetings at the conference table, where the deep issues of industrial relations can be calmly and equitably discussed by representative leaders of trade unions along with management. Such regional and summit meetings will become more and more necessary if America is to keep pace with the rest of a rapidly industrializing world.

Here is industry's big opportunity today. Labor and management can marshal all their mighty resources for a showdown battle as to which will boss the other. Such class war will destroy America. Or labor and management can manifest superb statesmanship, recognize the great interests they have in common, and settle down to more productive co-operation for the common good of all.

The long-drawn-out steel strike has brought forth much criticism from the American public. Economic patterns established by big unions and big business now deeply affect, sometimes too rigidly, the entire country. The great American public is the third force in the industrial life of America. If representatives of the people could also be heard, not at the bargaining but at the conference table, it would eliminate the danger of Government moving in too closely to regulate, by legislation, the conduct of American business. The American way, to avoid socialism on the one hand and class war on the other, is co-operation between the public and labor and management at a common conference table. Statesmanship is the need of the hour. Here is industry's big opportunity today.

VIEWS IN BRIEF

The Political Life. Sen. Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota touched an area, in a speech to the Christian Family Movement, that needs a good deal of illumination—parental teaching of the role of politics in U.S. life. Expressed negatively, children should not be brought up to believe that all politicians are corrupt, or that politics is a necessary evil. Yet in many a U.S. household, the word "politician" has a malodorous connotation. When children grow up with this feeling ingrained in them, they aren't very likely to choose the political life for a career. Yet in these times, which are exceedingly complex, to say the least, politicians with a deep sense of Christian morality have an opportunity for great service to the country. Irresponsible politicians, it's true, are not hard to find, but there are many valiant holders of public office who don't command sensational headlines. These politicians are plugging away day by day, often at financial sacrifice, to build a better and stronger country. There ought to be some spare room on our youngsters' hero lists for this type of politician.

Another Summit. Readers of our June profile on Julius Cardinal Doepfner ("Berlin's Defiant Young Cardinal") won't be surprised at his latest exploit: without disclosing his identity, the cardinal scaled the 15,000-foot Mont Blanc. The gritty determination to climb mountains seems to us to be the same kind of courageous leadership he has given his flock, most of whom live under Red rule. We felt a little sorry, however, for the chagrined guide who said later that he wouldn't have been so bossy giving the orders during the climb if he'd known a Prince was in tow.

Cleaning the Mails. On September 1, the House of Representatives passed a bill which gives the Postmaster General new powers against allegedly obscene mail. There was only one dissenting vote. The bill is intended to stiffen a 1956 law. By this former law, the Post Office could impound mail for twenty days; by the new bill, the Postmaster could impound mail for forty-five days without a court order. By the former law, the Federal courts could then approve the holding of mail if they judged the order "reasonable." By the new bill, the courts could extend the time of holding mail if they judge the extension to be "in the public interest." Representative Kathryn Granahan, of Pennsylvania, claimed that the new bill was necessary to fight a flood of "hard-core pornography."

The American Civil Liberties Union, as was to be expected, urged the defeat of the bill and scored the censorship activity of the Post Office Department. Censorship, ACLU declared, should be exercised only by the adult public "through the freedom of everyone to read and see what he wants, to reject what he dislikes." This emphasis on the adult public was interesting, since the concern of the Post Office—and of many individuals and groups—was that much of this material was being sent to children. For a further discussion of this problem and its seriousness, see Katherine Burton's column on page fifty-three.

Drifting. The return to school brings out an emphasis on adapting oneself to the group—in clothes, in social activity, attitudes, etc. The danger of this emphasis may be seen in Thomas Merton's words: "The Church is not, and has never been, merely for the mass-man, the passive, inert man who drifts with the crowd and never decides anything for himself. . . . We must provide an education that strengthens man against the noise, the violence, the slogans, and the half-truths of our materialistic society."

MY STRUGGLE WITH RACE PREJUDICE

Racial violence is only the visible top of the race prejudice "iceberg." Here is a gripping account of this bigotry melted by friendship

BY JOEL WELLS

The day was hot and the bus crowded. The last man to board was a Negro carrying a shabby, paper suitcase. He looked up and down the aisle for a seat. The only one remaining was next to me. As the Negro approached I got up, collecting my hat and bag. He was standing by the seat as I squeezed out. I didn't look at his face, but I saw his shoulder move in a shrug before he slid past me into the seat next to the window. I stood in the rear of the bus for the entire trip.

That was thirteen years ago, when I still lived in my hometown, a middle-sized city in the Midwest, squarely on the Mason-Dixon line. The bus trip was taking me north, to my first year of

college, and to people who would begin the long, slow cure of the disease I carried with me—racial prejudice.

Like most people who have been infected with the bone-deep conviction that Negroes are something less than human, I can remember only a few formal lessons in bigotry. Once, when I was very young, I was sent to visit some relatives in a town further south. During the course of the visit, I was taken to the public park, where an aunt was horrified to observe me drinking water from a fountain posted "Colored Only." The storm of feminine agitation that resulted caused me to believe, in my innocence, that I would soon be attacked by the "Coloreds" whose water I had stolen. It soon became clear that my shame lay, not in stealing, but in having defiled myself. And, as my aunt rattled on, my shame became acute. It was obvious that I had violated some taboo of the adult world, as I had once previously done by repeating at home certain cryptic words I had overheard. The Negro children I observed drinking from the forbidden fountain later in the day seemed far different from the ones that had been there with me in the morning.

KNOWING, as I then did, Negroes and dirty words were of the same order, it never occurred to me to find their absence from my school in any way strange; nor did I expect to see them in our parish church.

Aside from the few Negroes employed as maids, lawn boys, and cooks in some of the homes I visited (Negroes preparing food and serving it to white people I believe I reconciled as being permissible in the same sense that a housebroken dog is allowed to stay inside overnight), I seldom, if ever, talked directly to one.

I did see many Negroes: sitting in the back seats of buses; filing quietly to the balcony at the movies; sitting beyond the archway at the train station, in their grubby waiting room. In our city, "Jimtown" completely ringed the business district, and, for years, shopping trips provided my sole opportunity for interracial observation.

I can recall a hundred impressions from those trips uptown. Visually, it was exciting. The neatly tended lawns and stately trees of the good neighborhoods suddenly gave way to packed, brown dirt held in by crumbling curbs; the houses became smaller and smaller, until they changed character altogether and were simply a room with a roof over it. Sometimes these shanties were equipped with tiny, rickety porches. There were always Negroes to be seen on these porches,

or sitting on the front steps, or leaning just inside the doorways. There were always children on the cinder walks or in the streets, running, pulling wagons full of empty bottles, or rocketing along on scooters made from scrap lumber and roller skates. For some reason, I will never forget the sight of a tiny girl, struggling over the cracked pavement on a single, rusty skate which she had affixed to her bare foot with several of the red-rubber sealing rings used on canning jars.

I can remember, too, my father's inevitable snort of disgust as our car stopped for the traffic light at the corner occupied by the city's largest Negro tavern. I'm sure my eyes opened wider at the sight of the adult horseplay that went on up and down the block, the raucous laughter that seemed to shake our car, the drunk that spun out in front of the car once, just as the light had turned green. Inevitably, it was at this point in our trip that my mother rolled up all the windows, so that we suffocated and sweat for our safety and could only imperfectly hear the singing and clapping that rolled forth from the church on the next corner.

In school I cannot recall ever hearing a deprecatory word said about Negroes. The subject of race seldom came up officially in class. I can, however, still hear, from the second grade, the answer to a personal hygiene question. Sister asked why it was that we should never put money into our mouths. (If you think the question somewhat academic, try putting it to any group of seven-year-olds—you will be surprised at the number of wet pennies disgorged.) Our spokesman, confident in his wisdom, replied: "Because some dirty nigger man might have had it in his mouth first!" The answer was accepted without comment as being correct.

As I grew older I learned the commonly circulated racial fables of my part of the country: Negroes all carry razors; they are universally equipped with a bad and continually-produced body odor; they have black blood, that is to say, when cut they bleed black; Negroes seldom bother with marriage; they are stupid and incapable of being educated beyond the rudiments of counting and reading; Negroes, every one of them, steal, are lazy, are dirty, etc. The only one of these stories that I ever heard anyone dispute was the business of the black blood. A boy who had seen a Negro run over by a car assured me that the resulting gore was quite red.

The first Negro to materialize as a reality from this realm of mumbo-jumbo was a boy who was "integrated"

into my sophomore high-school class. The quotation marks around the word *integrated* are apt, for the process by which he came to us bore little resemblance to that quietly logical concept the dictionary defines as "bringing together diverse parts to form a whole."

When the priest who was superintendent of our city's only Catholic high school announced that Negroes (several girls and one boy) would be attending school in the fall, I'm sure he was prepared for the worst. Still, I think, he must have counted upon the ultimate support of many parents whose Catholicism would compel them to side with him in the event of a showdown. He must have been staggered at the violent reaction of the Catholic community and keenly disappointed. The front of "live and let live" brotherhood cracked like the shell of a rotten egg to reveal the raw, ugly workings of bigotry.

THE priest at once began to receive abusive correspondence, little of it from "cranks." Many letters were from the so-called lay pillars of the local church. They asked if the priest knew what he was doing: Did he, in his clerical naiveté, think that good Catholic money was going to support this sort of social suicide? Wasn't he aware of the stigma that would be attached to every white child in the school? Did he think that people wanted their children known as students at "Picaninny High?" One anonymous note suggested that the priest's own dark complexion and black hair must be the result of the "tarbrush" in his own family, as it certainly "took one to love one."

Less violent protests and personal delegations sought to reason with the priest. Catholic children should not have to bear the full weight of pioneering social justice, however noble the cause. These parents did not like to think of their children's being sacrificed for an impossible ideal. What, they asked, of the blighted social life of the school? It was one thing to have Negroes in classrooms, another to have them at dances and parties, in locker rooms and showers. Ignoring all other reasons, the priest would surely recognize that the school would lose all academic reputation and forfeit its capability to place students in leading universities.

With parental feeling running so strongly, it was only a matter of time before the controversy came down to us on the student level. We began to debate the question in lunchtime bull sessions. At first, with indifference, our opinions were voiced in terms of, "Well,

**"One day I arrived at work
and found myself thinking
of the man at the next desk
by his name, not as a Negro"**



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He served in the Navy, 1952-55**

my father says . . ." Gradually, though, we began to generate stronger feelings. The more imaginative conjured up horrifying pictures of the school cafeteria overflowing with spitting, cursing, razor-wielding Negroes, of massively muscled all-Negro football teams, and, inevitably, of Negroes trying to dance with, and even date, our girl friends. By the last month of the school year, the parents had decided upon a massive protest meeting, and we had decided that there must be a student strike.

Our strike never came off; the parents' protest meeting did. The superintendent did not sanction the meeting with his presence. Instead, he sent a letter home with the students the following day. The letter talked cold turkey; it debated nothing. It said, in language tougher than anyone had ever thought priests knew, that Negroes would be coming to school in the fall. It said that the school would open if nobody but the four Negroes showed up. It said that students who missed classes on the opening day without a doctor's certificate of illness would be dismissed from school. And it said that transfer applications to the public high schools were available in the principal's office. The letter concluded with several plain-spoken quotations from members of the hierarchy on the duty of parents to send their children to Catholic schools and appended a postscript to the effect that pastors would be informed of all transfers to public school.

An arbitrary way of dealing with the situation? Perhaps, but that fall our Negroes were with us. The lone boy came and stood in the long line winding down the corridor to the registration desks. His slight, almost fragile figure in our midst was a quiet rebuke to our carefully laid plans to make him walk the gauntlet of our silent scorn. The halls of the school were unnaturally quiet, it was true, but it was the quiet of shame, not of hate. The boy was not in good health and had to drop out of school in a short time. His several successors the following semester did not seem anxious to take over the cafeteria, the football team, nor even, oddly enough, our girls.

Then came abrupt geographic and social transition to college. I did not lose my prejudice under the influence of Catholic higher education, for prejudice is not a rational thing. But a Christian education did supply the ammunition for reason to attack emotion. Living in a more northerly city in itself allowed me to observe that there were at least degrees of prejudice. I saw Negroes moving freely on public transportation, saw them walking, talking, and even eating with white people—but the temple

veil was not rent asunder. I had a few Negro classmates, and, while they were lost as individuals in the huge jam of students at the university, it was enough to know that here were at least a few Negroes who evidently could think and learn as readily as whites.

I can remember the first time I encountered an adverse reaction to my use of the term "nigger"—a frown on the face of a college friend. I count the time I blushed when I discovered a Negro had heard me using this same word as the first evidence of the demise of my prejudice, for my shame was spontaneous, flowing from just as deep a well as my bigotry. Slowly, in the school years that followed, a little light must have penetrated to the bottom of that well, for I began to doubt the validity of some of my attitudes.

VACATION trips home provided the glaring contrasts needed to keep my doubts alive and growing. I could begin to feel something close to indignation when hometown friends referred to Negroes as "Coons." They in turn derided my studied use of the word Negro, which sounded affected on their ears. This had the effect of making me much more of a champion of racial justice than I wanted to be. From kidding, this grew to argument, as I found I had begun really to care. I found, also, a growing dislike for the crassness in these friends, a studied crudity which, it seemed to me, ran beyond the limitations of our arguments into the general areas of basic decency and taste. With several people, it came to a head of mutual dislike from which I, "a stinkin' nigger lover," severed relations with "a Fascist hillbilly."

My tour in the navy took me off the liberal hotseat I had been occupying at home and promised a respite. I patronized the Negro and Filipino wardroom stewards on my ship with the other officers, happy that my easy conformity could be justified in the name of "officer-enlisted" relations. This excuse also served to stop me from looking into the complaint brought by one of the men in my department, the only Negro, that he was being discriminated against by a chief petty officer. I signed his transfer to another department of the ship, confident that the Negro was, as the chief maintained, "incapable of reading his watch, much less a gyrocompass." It dawned on me only much later that almost every Negro on the ship was getting assigned to the same department (and sleeping quarters) as the one to which I had sent my man. Our captain, fortunately, was not so dense and put a stop to the
(Continued on page 82)



A carpenter, Gunther Hoffmann leaves for work; most of his pay goes for food

The true story of a brave German family who could flee from East Berlin for a nickel, but stay behind to "bear witness to our Church"

REFUSING THE DOOR TO FREEDOM

by ROBERT RIGBY

FOR THE VAST majority of people living behind the Iron Curtain today, escape to the West—escape to freedom—has become tremendously risky, almost impossible. On the local level, Communist security police keep close tabs on political unreliables and suspected would-be refugees. In border areas there are numerous check-points where travelers must produce special permits authorizing their movements. Lastly, there is the "Line" itself, the frontier between East and West.

Over much of its length, this is a no-man's-land sown with mines and strung with bales of barbed wire. Trigger-happy patrols guard the area around the clock, on the look-out for refugees trying to slip across.

For bespectacled forty-one-year-old Gunther Hoffmann, however, none of these obstacles exist, although he, too, lives in an Iron Curtain country. Freedom could be his for the taking—any day. Literally, it would cost him only five cents—the price of a subway ticket.

Hoffmann (which is not his real name), a short, husky, black-haired man, lives in East Berlin, capital of the so-called German Democratic Republic (GDR), the Communist puppet state set up by Moscow. By merely boarding a subway train at any station in East Berlin, Hoffmann could step off again, minutes later and a free man, in the safety of West Berlin.

Day in and day out, some 250 East Germans, stifled by growing Communist regimentation at home, take this same route to freedom made possible by the city's common subway. Of the

2,000,000 East German refugees in the past decade, the majority have made use of Berlin's underground escape hatch, the only real gap in the Iron Curtain.

Gunther Hoffmann, however, refuses to follow suit. It's not that he is a Communist or is satisfied with conditions in East Germany. It's because he's a Catholic.

"Everyone knows that it's not easy for us here today," he explains quietly. "As I see it, though, we have a duty to stay on as long as possible, to bear witness to our Church."

During World War II, Hoffmann was stationed most of the time in France. After the Allied invasion, he was captured by British forces, held a prisoner until the end of hostilities, then released and allowed to return to his home in Berlin. When the city was carved up into four occupation sectors by the Allies, he found himself in the Soviet sector, which is today East Berlin.

A carpenter by trade, he now works on construction projects around the city. He and his wife, Angelika, a soft-spoken, smiling woman in her early thirties, have five fine-looking children.

The family lives not far from Stalin-Allee, the long, broad boulevard that is the pride of the East German regime. Landscaped down its middle and lined with new, white apartment buildings (which are reserved for party bigwigs

and their families), this stretch of East Berlin contrasts sharply with the gray, bomb-battered buildings and flattened blocks found elsewhere in the city.

The Hoffmanns' own apartment building is far from new, or even in good repair. Its two top floors were gutted by incendiary bombs during the war and have still not been rebuilt. Elsewhere, the masonry is badly chipped and pocked by bomb and shell fragments.

In this building the family rents a small apartment, consisting of the parents' bedroom, a living-bedroom (used by the children), a kitchen and a bathroom (shared by the other tenants on the floor). On the walls are crucifixes, vigil lamps, and framed quotations from the Bible.

The kitchen, which has only cold running water (as does the bathroom), is equipped with a gas range and a coal stove. There is no refrigerator, washing machine, or other modern kitchen appliance. These, like a television set, are luxuries well beyond the Hoffmanns' means (though they do have a small radio).

Financially, life is far from easy for the family. Gunther Hoffmann, who works a forty-eight-hour week, earns a basic wage of about 400 East German marks per month. To this the state adds another 150 marks in food allowances, plus 60 marks in social security benefits for the children. Total income: slightly over 600 East marks per month.

On the other side of the Iron Curtain, a West German worker earning this many marks would be receiving the equivalent of \$150 monthly. By

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European standards, he would be very well off, able to rent a modern, well-equipped apartment, own a television set and perhaps even a small car.

But for East Germans like Gunther Hoffmann, this is out of the question. The reason: their East German mark, though officially pegged by the Communist government at parity with the West German mark, has in effect only one-fourth the latter's value. Thus, Gunther Hoffmann's income, in terms of real purchasing power, is under forty dollars a month.

Rents, luckily, are lower in East than in West Berlin. The Hoffmanns pay only fifty-four East marks per month, or 9 per cent of their income, for their flat. But food expenditures put a big dent in their budget—over 85 per cent of their income goes for this.

This is a sore point with East Germans. The region between the Elbe and Oder Rivers—today's German Democratic Republic—has always been predominantly agricultural. Before the war, it was the rich granary supplying much of the food needs for all Germany and its 80 million inhabitants.

Today, however, the East German

government, harassed by manpower shortages and a lagging farm program, has trouble feeding 17 million people. Food ration cards were abolished last year, thirteen years after the end of the war, but shortages persist.

With food so expensive in relation to their income, the Hoffmanns must stick to a monotonous diet of potatoes, bread, vegetables, and occasionally a little meat. Butter comes almost under the heading of a luxury: a pound of it costs the equivalent of two hours of the father's wages.

Clothing is correspondingly high. A cheap pair of men's trousers, for example, costs as much as the father makes in five days. At this rate, the family must save for months to make even small purchases, and much of the five children's clothing comes from Catholic charitable agencies.

Understandably, entertainment, as such, is almost a nonexistent item in the family budget. The most they can afford, now and then, is to buy a new book. Otherwise their leisure time is devoted to visiting with friends and relatives, taking walks with the children.

Bleak as their financial situation is,

Gunther and Angelika Hoffmann's greatest concern is not money but their children and the education they're getting.

During the day, they attend a state-run school. There is no choice—except for a handful of Catholic kindergartens, no parochial schools are allowed to operate in the German Democratic Republic. (This is despite the fact that its constitution expressly "guarantees" freedom of worship.)

In these schools the teachers are Communist Party members; the teaching is frankly atheistic and Marxist. The Church is a prime target of abuse and defamation—"the enemy of the working classes," "the ally of Western warmongers,"—and its hierarchy is held up to ridicule.

In an effort to protect their children from hearing such slander, some Catholic parents in East Germany make a point of visiting their children's teachers at the start of the school year simply to say this: "Please remember that our children are Catholic. There must never be any question about this."

But this step, which takes no little courage, is futile, for their plea goes



The family attends Mass together in war-torn church. The only son, Michael, is major worry because he must soon face the Communists' youth dedication ceremony



Hoffmann keeps abreast of world events by his radio and tries to undo, by home teaching, the propaganda his children are exposed to every day

unheard. The Communist bosses of the country set the propaganda line for all schools, and systematic vilification of the Catholic Church is an integral part of it.

Unable to stem the flow of abuse that reaches their children's ears in school, Catholic parents also find that their children have little time after school hours to receive religious instructions from the parish priests. Compulsory sports programs every afternoon rule this out to a large extent.

Conscientious Catholic parents are thus faced with a terrible question: Can they undo, in the evening at home, what has been done to their children's minds during the day at school?

For people like Gunther and Angelika Hoffmann, there can be no two ways about it—the challenge must be accepted. Both come from pious families, and their greatest wish is to see their own five children reared in their Catholic Faith. So it is that the Hoffmanns spend nearly every evening with their children, sitting around the living-room table, going over their lessons with them, answering questions that perplex them, and, of course, before going to bed, saying the Rosary and evening prayers together.

For such people, Sunday is a day looked forward to all week long. Their church lies not far from the Hoffmanns' apartment building, and they make a practice of always going to Mass as a family group.

A stranger in East Berlin might easily pass by the church without recognizing it for what it is. Actually, it doesn't look like a church at all but only another of the city's war-ruined buildings—which it is. Bombs destroyed the roof, tower, much of the wall area, and nearly all the windows.

Today, fourteen years after the end of the war, the church has still not been repaired. (The same can be said of Great Berlin's Catholic cathedral, St. Hedwig's, which lies in the Soviet sector and was badly damaged during the war.) Except for a temporary roof to keep the weather out, little else has been done. In a socialist state, other reconstruction projects rate a higher priority for scarce building materials.

Despite its dilapidated appearance from the street, the church is the center for a very active parish life, both as a place of worship and as a meeting point. There is a full schedule of lectures and study meetings for the adults of the parish, classes and parties for the children, and outings for the whole family in fine weather.

In church, in the company of their fellow parishioners, the Hoffmanns can forget for a little while the pressures that bear down upon them the rest of the week from the outside. But there is always the fear in the back of their minds that the Communist masters of East Germany will heap new indignities on the Church, make life even more difficult than it is today.

"This is altogether likely," admits Gunther Hoffmann. "As tension increases between East and West, it is always a signal to us that there will be new attacks on the Church, new restrictions."

(As things are now, priests in East Germany are forbidden to speak out against the Communist dogma of class warfare, to criticize the state in any manner. They must also not preach any of the Church's social teaching.)

Like most non-Communists in East Germany (who are in the majority), Gunther Hoffmann listens nightly to the news broadcasts beamed to Soviet

satellites by RIAS, the radio station in free West Berlin. (Oddly enough, it is not illegal in East Germany to listen to this station; but relating the news to one's neighbor is.)

Hoffmann takes a pessimistic view of the chances of any eventual reunification of East and West Germany. The Kremlin, he points out, would never risk losing its prize satellite. The German Democratic Republic counts only 17 million inhabitants. West Germany, with a 50 million population, would swallow it up, and the Communist ruling clique now in power would never have a chance in free elections.

Moreover, East Germany is today the industrial show window for the Soviet satellite world. An important chemical, optical equipment, and machine-tool manufacturer, it has become Russia's biggest trade partner.

Hoffmann holds little hope either that diplomatic conferences or even a summit meeting would result in any permanent easing of tension between East and West. "Even if some new agreement on West Berlin were negotiated, which seems unlikely to me, another point of friction is certain to develop elsewhere—wherever the Kremlin wills it."

Most immediate of Hoffmann's worries is his only son, Michael, and what the future holds for him. In two years' time, he will be fourteen and will have completed his primary schooling. Along with his classmates, Michael will then be expected to participate in a "youth dedication" ceremony, the Communists' atheistic substitute for Christian Confirmation and an open pledge of loyalty to the Marxist state.

If the boy refuses—and Gunther Hoffmann is determined that his son shall refuse—then many doors will be slammed in his face. The East German Communist masters punish such deviation by denying a boy the opportunity to go on with his education, even to learn a trade.

Thousands of Catholic families have already fled their homes in East Germany under the threat of the "youth dedication" ceremony, under the attacks directed against them and their Church. One statistic above all others is eloquent: whereas only 5 per cent of the East German population is Catholic, fully 15 per cent of all refugees streaming into West Germany are Catholic.

This fact alone testifies to the harsh lot of being a Catholic in East Germany today. It testifies, too, to the courage of ordinary people like the Hoffmann family and their determination to stand fast, come what may, as long as possible.

Television and Radio

NEW SEASON NEW COLUMNIST

With pleasure, THE SIGN announces the addition of John P. Shanley, Radio-Television Editor of the New York Times, to the ranks of our distinguished, regular contributors. His commentary on TV and radio, beginning below, will be a monthly feature. Mr. Shanley, 44, is a graduate of Fordham University, where he now gives lectures on critical writing. He wrote, "Will TV Go On Drugging the U.S.?" published in THE SIGN, July 1959. Despite the implications of the title, he really likes TV and offers these comments on the medium's various departments:

► News-Documentary: "The real potential of TV, tapped too little."

► Spectaculars: "Too many programs called this which aren't."

► Drama: "Could be an important part of TV if more plays with a message presented."

► Musicals—Comedy—Variety: "Too often tossed together with no style."

► Westerns: "O.K. in sensible quantities, but we've been snowed under."

► Sports: "Less to complain about here than any other branch of TV."



Gunfighters, Gamblers, and Promises

Anyone who has watched television the past three months must be aware that the state of the medium reached what may have been an all-time low point.

The summer season traditionally is a time when originality and excitement—uncommon qualities on the TV screen at any time of the year—are virtually unknown. Even before the golden days of June pass, the television networks and stations enter a period of lassitude. The summer siesta extends well into September. Repeat performances form the basic schedule.

Occasionally, the program given a second—or third or fourth—showing is a production of some merit. More often it is a hackneyed situation comedy, a dismal drama, an absurd crime story, or a cliché-ridden Western.

The TV planners apparently assume that people have better ways of using their leisure in the vacation season than by sticking to the small screen. The lure of the country, the seashore, or just a suburban patio is acknowledged as more powerful than the rowdiest antics of Lucille Ball or the wiliest courtroom stratagems of Perry Mason.

This summer, Americans confirmed these notions with a tendency to ignore their television sets and turn to other forms of diversion. According to one study, conducted by the Sindlinger research organization, this was the first summer in recent years when

radio listening surpassed TV watching for at least one week.

Although the findings that accompanied the report may be open to question, just as much as any statistics based on samplings and achieved by projection, the resurgence of radio in the warm weather makes good sense.

Probably most of those who listened to their radios were satisfied. For, in the categories of music and news, radio continues to surpass TV. There was a striking illustration of radio's more intelligent approach to a news event in July, when Vice-President Nixon and Premier Khrushchev entered into a remarkable public difference of opinion. The importance of the exchange should have been obvious to a schoolboy. Radio generally gave the event the play it deserved, making it the lead story and devoting several minutes to it in each of the day's newscasts.

But late the same evening, viewers watching a news telecast on a leading New York channel were exposed to a strange kind of evaluation. The major story in the station's 11 P.M. roundup dealt with the unscheduled journey to Chicago by a socially prominent young woman from New Jersey. About to be married, and presumably upset by the tedious details involved in arranging for the ceremony, she had fled. The plight of the girl was spelled out in cruel detail.

Undoubtedly her predicament was of interest to

Laurence Olivier (beard) and Hume Cronyn (left) are shown with other players in a scene from *The Moon and Sixpence*, to appear on NBC-TV October 30



many Americans. But in contrast to the Nixon-Khrushchev debate, its importance was small, indeed. Moreover, several other relatively trivial items from the day's news were given priority over the major events that had transpired that day in Moscow. The verbal clash between the two statesmen was tagged on, almost as an afterthought.

Irresponsible evaluation of news is not the rule on TV. But it happens too often, usually because of overemphasis on the visual portions of the news programs. A crime story that deserves only a paragraph in a newspaper is given major attention on TV because it can be illustrated with tape or film.

The networks have made impressive showings in their coverage of some major news events. They proclaim that more time—in evening hours—will be devoted to news and public affairs programs during the new season. One can only hope that these promises are valid.

IN OTHER programing areas, elaborate plans have been made. Some forthcoming attractions, however, are uncomfortably suggestive of last year, when an unprecedented mass of trash was offered.

During the 1959-60 term there will be still more swaggering gunfighters, cynical gamblers, glib sleuths, moronic fathers, and mirthless comedians. Instead of dwelling on them (unfortunately, they will be dwelt upon by millions of mesmerized viewers who will waste more millions of hours on them during the year), let us examine here some of the more hopeful prospects for the period ahead.

The National Broadcasting Company, which had an undistinguished season during 1958-59, has been issuing triumphant bulletins concerning its new ventures. This time, N.B.C. promises more than 200 "specials" that are said to "encompass the broadest concepts of entertainment, news, and information programing."

In drama, N.B.C. will be presenting an impressive list of stars. Among them are Laurence Olivier, Maurice Evans, Julie Harris, Geraldine Page, Ingrid Bergman, Alec Guinness, Shirley Booth, James Stewart, Gene Kelly, Carol Lawrence, Donald O'Connor, George Burns, Frank Sinatra, Jason Robards Jr., Art Carney, Hume Cronyn, Cyd Charisse, Bob Hope, and Thomas Mitchell.

There are others on the N.B.C. roster, too. Jerry Lewis is listed among the "greatest names in the entertainment world," according to the network. In some quarters he may be deemed worthy of the accolade. I ask to be excused.

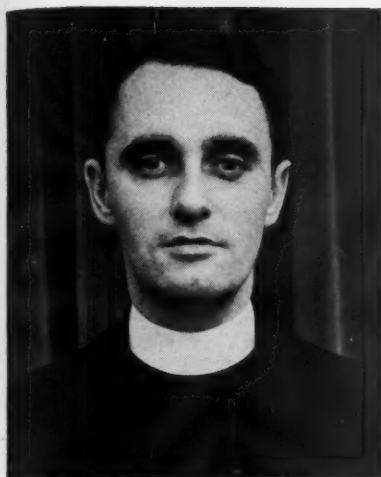
The playwrights on the N.B.C. schedule include James Costigan, whose *Little Moon of Alban*, the season before last, was one of the finest scripts ever brought to television. It was seen on the *Hallmark Hall of Fame*, a series of consistently high quality that will resume on N.B.C. this year.

Mildred Freed Alberg, who was executive producer for the *Hallmark* offerings, will return to N.B.C. with a newly organized producing firm called Milberg Enterprises. Its plans are noteworthy since they include six programs, entitled *Our American Heritage*, dramatizing events in United States history. The first, called *Divided We Stand*, deals with the conflict of ideas between Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton that led to the birth of the two-party political system in the U. S. Morton Wishengrad is writing the script. Ralph Bellamy will portray Jefferson. Arthur Kennedy may play the part of Hamilton. The program is scheduled for Sunday, Oct. 18, from 8 to 9 P.M., Eastern time.

If these programs succeed, even briefly, in wooing youngsters away from their dedicated attention to the *Dick Clark Show*, *Maverick*, and *77 Sunset Strip*, a major accomplishment would be achieved, and possibly the youngsters' interest in history fortified.

On the same network *The Catholic Hour* will offer among its presentations a series designed to encourage active lay participation in the Mass. The programs will be narrated by Father Frederick McManus, of the Canon Law faculty of Catholic University and a director of the Liturgical Conference. The telecasts will be shown on N.B.C. Oct. 11, 18, and 25.

One of the most elaborate N.B.C. attractions is scheduled for the night of Oct. 30, when Laurence Olivier heads the cast of W. Somerset Maugham's



Tony Randall, Sid Caesar, and Audrey Meadows in *Holiday on Wheels*, Sid Caesar special on CBS-TV, October 21

Father Frederick McManus narrates *Catholic Hour* series designed to encourage lay participation in the Mass (NBC-TV, Oct. 11, 18, and 25)



The Moon and Sixpence. The production was prepared in New York on electronic tape last spring. It is supposed to have cost a gigantic amount of money. This is incidental information. Some of the most wretched productions on TV have involved great expense.

The N.B.C. prospectus also includes a series of thirty-nine Tuesday night one-hour "specials" under the sponsorship of the Ford Motor Company. There will also be a weekly, one-hour drama, music, and variety series called *Sunday Showcase* and new, sixty-minute Friday night entertainment shows.

Musical telecasts will include four productions by the N.B.C. Opera—*Fidelio*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, and *Don Giovanni*.

The N.B.C. *Project 20* series will offer programs about the rise of the automobile, life in the 1930's, and the years just after World War II. This apparent tendency to treat the 1930's and the late 1940's as period subjects may not rest too well with some of us. The Thirties have scarcely passed, haven't they? And weren't the Forties only yesterday?

THE Columbia Broadcasting System, which last season was most successful of the networks, qualitatively and financially, is replying to the N.B.C. challenge with its own emphasis on drama, music and variety specials.

Besides *Playhouse 90*, which will be seen this year on a curtailed schedule, C.B.S. again will present the *Du Pont Show of the Month*, *Desilu Playhouse*, *United States Steel Hour*, *General Electric Theatre*, and a series of Thursday evening hour-and-a-half attractions alternating with *Playhouse 90*.

The next of the *Du Pont* shows, on Oct. 14, will be Graham Greene's *The Fallen Idol*, starring the British actor, Jack Hawkins, in the role played in the motion picture version by Ralph Richardson. This is one of many adaptations to be done on TV this season. It illustrates the tendency of producers, such as David Susskind, to prefer a tested vehicle rather than to experiment with a new script. Other adaptations on the C.B.S. schedule include *Arrow-smith*, *The Bells of St. Mary's*, and *Oliver Twist*.

It is heartening to note that Leonard Bernstein will be returning to C.B.S. with a series of musical programs that he will conduct and narrate. He will preside over several *Young People's Concerts* beginning in January.

In comedy, Phil Silvers, honorably discharged from his long hitch as Sergeant Bilko, will have at least three one-hour programs on C.B.S., starting Oct. 17. Sid Caesar will return for the first of six special C.B.S. telecasts on Oct. 21. Appearing with him will be Audrey Meadows, Tony Randall, and Gisele MacKenzie. Jack Benny, Red Skelton, and Arthur Godfrey also will be back in the C.B.S. fold.

One of the most attractive sports events of the coming year—the Olympic Games from Rome—also will be covered by C.B.S. With the help of a time difference, quickly processed tape, and swift jet planes, American audiences may be able to see Olympic events the same day they take place in Italy.

Although the American Broadcasting Company has achieved its greatest success with Westerns and crime programs (and will continue to emphasize this kind of show), the network has other attractions that should be more deserving of attention.

One is *Adventures in Paradise*, a one-hour, Monday night series, based on the works of James A. Michener. These programs, filmed at various locations in the Pacific, will begin on Oct. 5. The star is a young actor named Gardner McKay.

John Gunther's High Road, a travel-adventure series, will be shown on A.B.C.-TV for a half-hour every Monday evening. The programs cover subjects and places ranging from space travel to jazz and from New York to the Himalayas. Mr. Gunther is the narrator.

A.B.C. also will have special telecasts starring two of its highest-priced attractions, Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra. Both stars have had the good sense to avoid over-exposure on TV.

These are some of the more promising attractions that will be arriving on television screens. Not all will be successful. But if some manage to overshadow their trite, stupid, and offensive competition, there will be reason for gratitude and hope.



John Hayward, Senior: "A man can't help having a great love for the place in which he becomes a man and learns so much of what has been thought, written, and said by great men. Notre Dame takes on a significance beyond a secular institution by offering the student a marvelous religious experience in which he can achieve, in his own small way, a synthesis of religion and life. There's also a valuable experience in human relations awaiting the student because of the close proximity of students and faculty on the campus. You can pick out the kind of person you want to know well. Four years here, if you respond, can give you a very large view of life."

**PHOTOGRAPHED
FOR THE SIGN
BY JACQUES LOWE**

Father Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C., President: "Notre Dame may be most simply explained as a living miracle of the Mother of God, to whom it is dedicated. More than 30,000 alumni, in every part of the world, look here with loyalty and love. Some 6,000 students are spending here four of the best years of their lives: in the pursuit of academic excellence, in the deepening of moral character, in acquiring some broader comprehension of the purpose and meaning of human life. This is more than just a geographical location, as Lourdes and Fatima are more. Here the Church, the mother of universities, expresses her high hopes for the world of the mind and incarnation of good into the lives and loves of young men."



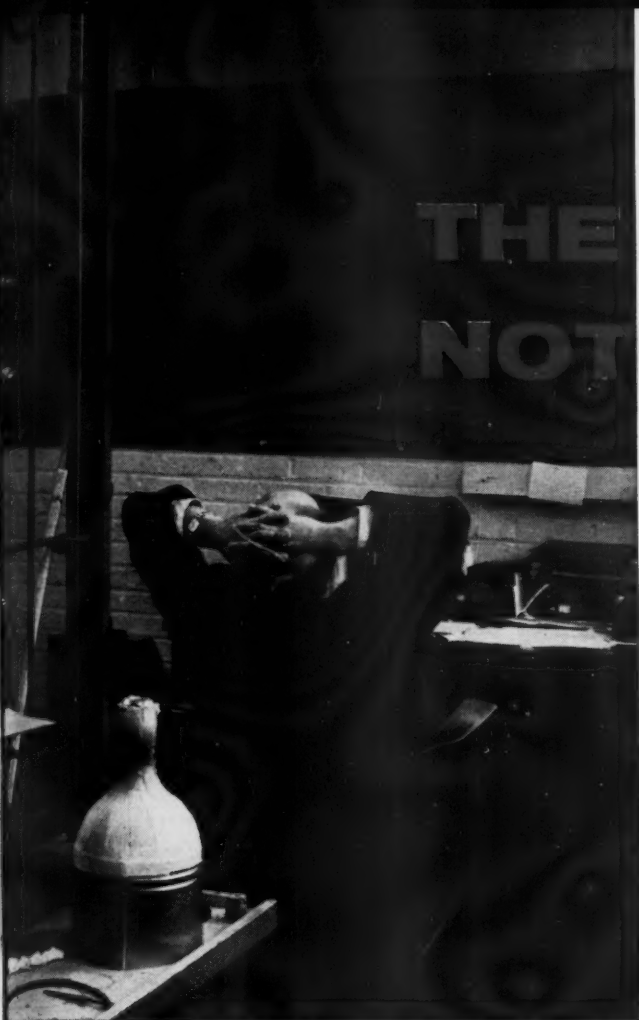
Frank O'Malley, Professor of English: "This is the best school in the Middle West and by far the best Catholic school in the country. The faculty here is genuinely dedicated to the development of the mind. An amazingly far-sighted type of student, who doesn't have to be dragged into work, is attracted here. A courtesy and gentleness exists, too. Oh, this is not to say the students don't raise hell occasionally; they can do that beautifully and imaginatively. A sentimental attachment to Notre Dame is strong here, which rises much above the football mentality. The image of Notre Dame as a football factory had just about evaporated before the Terry Brennan affair upset a vociferous minority."

THE OTHER NOTRE DAME

**There's a lot more to this
great university than football**

Now that fall is here and the air is filled with footballs, the vicissitudes of an institution in South Bend, Ind., known as Notre Dame have once more engaged public attention. Notre Dame's prowess on the gridiron is, of course, legendary, but the furor which attended the changing of coaches last December suggested that touchdowns, rather than textbooks, were the real reason for Notre Dame's existence.

Actually, Notre Dame is committed to academic excellence, a predominant fact witnessed by the influx of internationally recognized professors and the growing number of graduates copping competitive fellowships. The "fighting Irish" of Notre Dame have the will to win—in studies no less than sports.

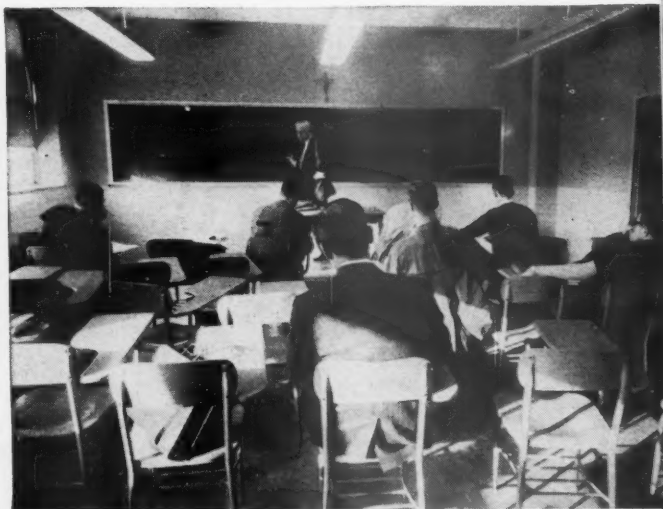


Thought: graduate student, pondering a science formula, responds to challenge at Notre Dame

*Spirit: many graduates return
to be married on the campus*



*Work: Each year it becomes harder to get into
Notre Dame and the quality of students rises*





John Hayward has accustomed himself to regular periods of study in his room in Walsh Hall

Student life is disciplined and aimed at producing professional competence, moral responsibility

The fullness of collegiate life at Notre Dame is seen in John Hayward, of Toledo, O., president of the 1959 senior class, who, incidentally, ranks football pretty low among his university interests. His professors rate Hayward as "the highest type of campus leader," a 21-year-old man who has developed his character at Notre Dame and made a contribution to the university in the process. After three years' navy service, he intends to study law.

Hayward has shown his leadership ability as admissions chairman of the Blue Circle, a student group which organizes retreats, health programs, freshman activities, and visits hospitals and orphanages. Membership requires a B average, good discipline, and initiative (there are no fraternities as such at Notre Dame). Hayward also became a member of the Student Senate and Young Christian Students. An English major, he financed the bulk of the \$1,800 annual cost of tuition, room, and board by ROTC navy scholarship.



In English class, he takes notes on poets of the Midwest



Serious works line his bookshelf

Prayer is part of his day's routine





Hayward escorts Mary Beth Ludwig, a student at nearby St. Mary's College, to dance



Hayward, dressing here for navy duty, and Tom Brady have been room-mates for three years



Every evening when study is finished, students gather for coffee; lively discussions and arguments are customary



A campus influence, Frank O'Malley shows union of Christianity, world in popular English classes

Mental friction keeps professors from bogging down in routine and boredom



M. A. Fitzsimons, chief editor, and O'Malley discuss *Review of Politics*, a journal of political theory

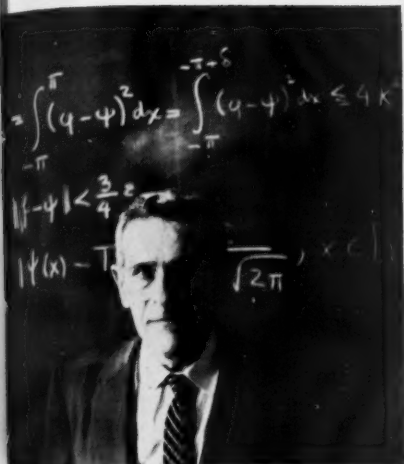


Surrounded by books and paintings, O'Malley welcomes students, who often redecorate room for him

Notre Dame's faculty of nearly 500 is composed mainly of laymen; only seventy-eight are priests of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, owners of the 117-year-old university. The doctorate-studded faculty has been augmented in recent years by a widely acclaimed Distinguished Professors Program, attracting, among others, the eminent Croatian sculptor, Ivan Mestrovic, who teaches in a specially designed \$75,000 studio.

Notre Dame's blend of scholarship and humanness comes to a head in Frank O'Malley, Professor of English and a bachelor whose living quarters on the campus are always open. A master at stimulating students, O'Malley heads a committee which encourages bright students to push ahead faster, and edits the *Review of Politics*. "The intellectual climate spurs these achievements," he says.

A GALLERY OF NOTRE DAME PROFESSORS



Vladimir Seidel, theory
of mathematical functions



Thomas G. Ward, research
into the common cold



Milton Burton, chemist,
radiation research



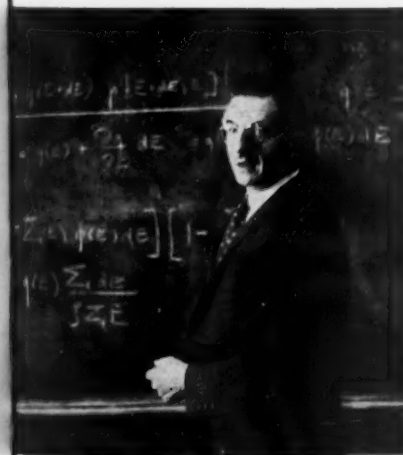
Father Thomas J. Brennan,
C.S.C., philosophy



Boleslaw Sobocinski,
symbolic logic



Father Leo Ward, C.S.C.,
philosophy, Maritain expert



Marcel K. Newman,
nuclear engineering



E. K. Francis, sociologist,
ethnic specialist



Charles Brambel, chemistry,
blood coagulation



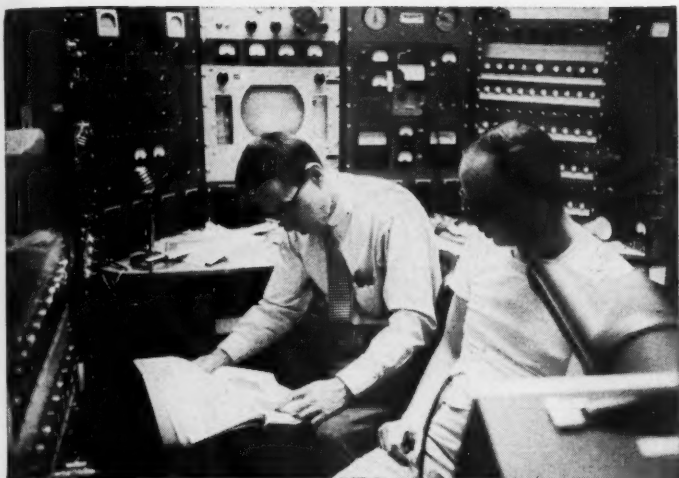
Notre Dame's own television station, WNDU-TV, is used by Communication Arts students in training program



The radiation chemistry department attracts scientists from many countries. Science at Notre Dame embraces man's life and destiny

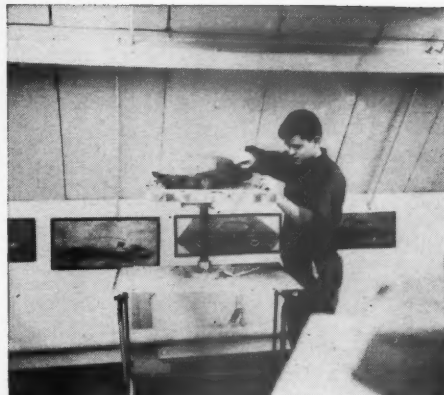


A technician in a sterile suit enters the famous Lobund Institute, where germ-free animals are a tool in biological research



Notre Dame was one of first U.S. universities to own an atom smasher; research is supported by AEC and the Navy

A case involving clarinet patents is tried in the Law School, which uses courtroom and actual cases for teaching



Automotive styling is taught to art students in a studio provided by the Chrysler Corporation



Notre Dame believes neither God nor man is served by mediocrity

The academic scenes here are not so strange when it is remembered that discovery is a tradition at Notre Dame, where the first wireless message was sent in America, the basic formula for synthetic rubber discovered, the first wind tunnel erected for aeronautical research, the first germ-free animals produced. Notre Dame does more than \$1 million of research every year.

A ten-year, \$66,600,000 development program has been launched; the annual budget has climbed to \$18 million. Revenue from football pays for the entire athletic program, leaving a net profit of \$250,000. In spirit or figures, football doesn't dominate life at Notre Dame University.



RUSS ARNOLD

JOHN HAYES: THEOLOGY FIRST

When the officers of the National Council of Catholic Men get down to business at their board meetings, the agenda is usually packed with pressing matters. But no matter how crowded, one hour must be set aside, on the instructions of the president, John Cornelius Hayes of Chicago, for a discussion of the theology of the lay apostolate. However important the organization of the NCCM is in fifty-two dioceses across the land, the personal formation of the members is critical, says the president. The personal responsibility of the layman to help achieve the mission of the Church "is at once the basic challenge and the stirring motivation of the lay apostolate." A professor at the Loyola University School of Law, John Hayes brings a scholarly approach and many years of Catholic Action training to his national post. He is a doctor of law (Loyola University), was a flight instructor during World War II, and has served in archdiocesan societies in Chicago. He helps apply the mind of the Church.

THE SIGN'S PEOPLE OF THE MONTH



JACQUES LOWE

HELEN THEISSEN: HOME ON THE PLANE

On a recent morning, Mrs. Mark A. Theissen, president of the National Council of Catholic Women, rose at 5 o'clock in Michigan. Her work day ended at 3 A.M. the following day in New Jersey. Her means of transportation varied in that period from horse and carriage to motorboat, and of course, the inevitable airplane. While all her days are not this hectic, it does seem at times to Helen Theissen that the plane is her second home. All summer, she ranged the country speaking to diocesan council conventions and helping to give training sessions to NCCW leaders. This fall, she will represent American Catholic women at meetings in Europe. A quiet period consists in merely commuting between Washington and her home in Covington, Ky. Mrs. Theissen is determined to keep the 12,000 women's organizations affiliated with NCCW moving at a fast clip. The "Feed-a-Family" program (for \$5 a month) is just one of the many projects she urges women to promote to extend Christian love and justice.

A Prayer FOR ST. ZENOBIO

*The olive orchard was the town's
monument to its saintly protector.
And the American lady wanted to destroy it*

"Buona sera, Don Francesco."

"Buona sera, Michele." The priest could see that the tall man with the jutting beard had come with some bit of calamitous news. Michele was officially the man who took care of the parish farm; but his unofficial role of news bearer was always more important. This evening Don Francesco thought he looked more imposing and terrible than usual. Michelangelo might have made him either Moses or an archangel. Something was out of order tonight.

"Tell me, Michele, what has happened."

"There is trouble, Father. The Villa Above has been sold."

"That does not strike me as trouble. It was falling down anyway; just as well that someone fixes it up."

"But, Father, it has been sold to an American!"

"What is wrong with that, Michele? My dearest friend in the seminary was an American. I assure you they are fine people."

Michele's face remained a mask. The priest went on, "I think you are wrong to worry, he will probably be a fine addition to the community and will help . . ."

"Father," Michele interrupted, "it is not a he."

"What?"

"It is an American signora. I do not know what you have heard about American signore, but I will admit I am afraid. A friend of mine said that in America they wanted to have a woman pope."

"Now, Michele, you know yourself that that is preposterous."

"Father, I hope you are right. But with all that people say, I am worried about the olive orchard of San Zenobio."

This was not the first time that the townspeople of Castel Dei Monti had been worried about the fate of the Villa Above (so called to distinguish it from the Villa Below on the same slant of hill). In fact, every time that the villa had changed hands during the past five hundred years, it had been cause for worry. And always for the same reason: The olive orchard, or as the townspeople called it "The Orchard of San Zenobio."

ILLUSTRATED BY JO POLSENO

by George Lorimer

"Excuse me, Father, but how many mushrooms do you have? Five . . . and I have more than a hundred"





Don Francesco recalled how impressed he had been by those olive trees when he first came to the parish. They were without doubt the biggest in all Tuscany. Whether their vitality depended upon the fortuitous position, protected as it was from the direct mountain wind, as the skeptics said, or upon a miraculous preservation, as the townspeople swore, the fact was that these trees never seemed to have been troubled by the usual ills of olives; whereas other trees had both good and bad years, these trees seemed to have only good.

Don Francesco was never able to find any written pronouncement about the miraculous orchard; still, in spite of this, local tradition was clear and without contradiction. The story went that, in the year 1123, the retiring and saintly priest Zenobio was elevated to be bishop of Florence. He did not rejoice at his good fortune but accepted his new position as a cross.

There were many trials for the bishop of Florence in those days, and when from time to time the Bishop Zenobio felt he was losing his sanity, he would slip into the simple habit of a holy man and, taking nothing, leave Florence by the Prato gate. He would wander through the woods which in those days came in dark fingers right to the walls of the town and were considered not only the covert of wolves and bandits but the nesting place of devils as well. The saint was not concerned by these dangers and would inevitably end his wandering in the heart of the forest, below Castel Dei Monti, where even today you can see his grotto.

THE STORY continues that one day the saint, walking toward the town of Castel Dei Monti, quite unexpectedly came upon an olive orchard completely surrounded by forest. The only building in sight was an unoccupied Lombard watchtower at the upper side of the clearing. Although the ground of the orchard was rough and uncultivated, the trees were heavy with olives. The saint knelt to praise the Lord, whose bounty had preserved the trees against the encroachments of the forest. At that moment, an old man with a hickory stick stepped from the shadows. "These olives render glory to the Lord though they spring from the tears of Gethsemani," he said, and before San Zenobio could reply, the man disappeared in the shadows. From that day forward, the saint decreed that in all the diocese the twigs from these trees should serve for Palm Sunday.

This custom had fallen into disuse over the years, and it seems that the

legend itself had been generally forgotten (as legends so often are) and preserved in Castel Dei Monti alone, where the twigs from these trees served to greet the Christ on Palm Sunday and the oil was used to anoint the babies at Baptism, preparing them for life, and to anoint the old in the Viaticum, preparing them for another life.

The townspeople awarded special powers to the trees. Don Francesco had had a long battle to get rid of the charms against the evil eye made from the wood and even a worse one to persuade the people that the oil was not some supernatural and miraculous curative. But he, with the rest of Castel Dei Monti, loved the orchard as a monument to the saintly bishop, who was considered the protector of the town.

Don Francesco had no real reason to worry about the fate of the orchard, until one day in the middle of September when the American signora herself paid a call on him.

"Father," she said, "I will be in your parish."

~~~~~  
 • The best way to forget all of your other troubles is to wear tight shoes.—Advertiser's Digest  
 ~~~~~

"I am very glad to hear it," the priest replied.

"I have come to ask you a few things, because I have heard rumors about my villa."

"I will answer if I can."

"You see, I would like to build a swimming pool. I am very fond of swimming. It strikes me that the only place for it is down under the hill where all those olive trees are."

"You think so?" Don Francesco felt the first pangs of panic.

"Yes, absolutely, but people keep talking about San Zenobio and sacrilege. Now, Father, the last thing I want to do is commit sacrilege."

"Signora, I can only advise you not to build the pool there as it would distress the townspeople."

He told her the story, concluding, "But as you can see there is no official pronouncement; thus I cannot tell you that it would be sacrilege, nor as your pastor can I forbid you. I can only urge you not to build there."

"Thank you, Father," she said, "I appreciate your feelings. I'll tell you what I will do. I will give you some of the olive wood to have statues made for the church."

"I fear that that would not be in the spirit."

"But, Father, you see my point?"

"Signora, there is nothing more I can say."

And so it was that the American signora began to make the first plans for her pool. The townspeople, once they had heard, began to plot revolt and violent demonstration, and Don Francesco began to pray and search for some compromise that would resolve the conflict in a manner which would do honor to the saintly bishop.

AUTUMN lingered in Tuscany despite the wind from the north and the damp fog which welled out of the Arno in the early morning. The fruit trees kept their yellow leaves and red vines gave an air of carnival to the antique towers. Even the woods themselves seemed to have forgotten the scourge of fire which had passed in the last days of summer; the *corbezzolo* was everywhere covered with red and yellow pompoms, and the purple heather bloomed indefinitely.

It was magnificent, Don Francesco thought; but it soon would be gone, leaving the hills to the austerity of cypress and the fantasy of olives, which, like the souls of Christians, live forever. The priest had left his church in Castel Dei Monti just after lunch to look for mushrooms. This year there was a great abundance, and every day crowds of people came to the woods and left with baskets full of fat *porcini* (there were not many around Castel Dei Monti), orange *pendensuli*, which look like umbrellas blown inside out, and the dark *pinuzzi* which are the hardest to find because they grow under moss and mouldered leaves.

Even though he had gone out to get away from his worries as much as anything, Don Francesco was somewhat disappointed in the success of his excursion. He had found only five mushrooms: three *pendensuli* and two old *pinuzzi* which had been growing unexpectedly in the open. And this after a whole afternoon of searching. Everyone in the village said he looked like a bird, slim and small as he was, with a beak nose and slightly protruding eyes. "I may be a bird," he thought to himself, "but not a very observant one."

"Ciao, Don Francesco," a child's voice called from the trees.

"Chi è?" Don Francesco asked.

"It's me, Father, Luigi." With that, little Luigi Santini came out of the bushes carrying an enormous basket of mushrooms. "Have you been looking for mushrooms too, Father?"

The priest looked unhappily at his empty basket. "Yes, Luigi, but I must not have very good eyes."

"Oh, no, Father, it is not a question

of that at all. I bet you are not wearing anything inside out or backwards."

"No, I am not, but I hardly think that has anything to do with it," the priest smiled.

"Oh, that is the whole secret of finding mushrooms, Father, really. They hide under the leaves and you cannot see them for anything; but then if you are wearing something inside out or backwards, all of a sudden you see them."

"Luigi, I do not see the connection."

"Look, I have my coat inside out, no?"

"Yes."

"Well, excuse me, Father, but how many mushrooms do you have? Five . . . and I have more than a hundred."

"Hmm." Don Francesco was still not convinced. They walked along together for a while.

"Father," the boy said, "I was thinking maybe you would like to eat more than just five mushrooms. Besides, those two *pinuzzi* will taste just like wood. Why do you not take some of mine?"

"Thank you, Luigi, but you may need them at home."

"Oh no, Father. We have this many every day. My little sister is also good at finding them. Here, take these." He began to put mushrooms into the priest's basket. "Look at this one." He pointed to a giant *porcino*. "You must fry it."

"Father," the boy said a few minutes later, "do you think San Zenobio used to eat mushrooms when he came to Castel Dei Monti?"

"If he had better eyes than I have," the priest laughed.

"Father, remember what you told me about the road?"

"You mean the one that runs through Castel Dei Monti?"

"Yes. I want to follow it the whole way to Rome and see the church which is as big as all Castel Dei Monti."

"One day you shall," the priest said a bit sadly.

"And then you know what I want to do more than anything else?"

"What?"

"To go on studying. Do you think San Zenobio will help me?"

"Prayer is always good."

"It takes so much money to study."

THEY were now at the top of the much discussed orchard near the tower, which, festooned with red vines, still dominated the little valley.

"Father," Luigi said, "I shall stay here a bit."

"All right. *Arrivederci*, Luigi." Don Francesco went toward the town thinking about the boy; he wished there was some way to help. But the way of the Lord was not the way of men. This the

priest knew from long experience. Many a prayer is answered in a manner which seems incomprehensible.

Don Francesco did not have long to concentrate upon these thoughts, because Michele met him outside the town.

"Father," he called. "I have heard it is tomorrow!"

"What is tomorrow, Michele?"

"That the bulldozers come to destroy the orchard. We will go and throw ourselves in front of them, so they must kill us first."

"*Calma, calma*, Michele."

"Oh, Father. This is no time for calm; you yourself have told us about the martyrs. How would it have been if they had said *calma, calma*."

"I appreciate your feelings, Michele, but neither is this the time for exaggeration."

"So it is exaggeration! Well, I tell you all the same, Father, that tomorrow there will be a great demonstration. I wanted to ask you to come and give us your blessings, but I see you are another kind of priest and are not interested in the rights of the saints."

~~~~~  
● The darkest hour is only sixty minutes.—*Irish Digest*  
~~~~~

"I am interested in peace."

"All right, Father," Michele said and, still angry, strode down the lane.

Don Francesco felt at that moment that the situation had gotten quite out of hand. What he did not know was that, while Michele was talking to him outside the town, down by the old tower above the orchard the American signora was talking with Luigi Santini.

"Hello," said the American signora.

Luigi was tempted not to answer but thought it would have been impolite.

"Buona sera," he replied with reserve.

"Do you know my tower?" she asked.

"Yes," Luigi replied. Which was quite true because it was one of the favorite places of the town children. The grown-ups forbade them to climb to the top, as everyone knew it to be unsafe, but the children went just the same.

"Would you come up with me and tell me what there is to see?" the signora asked Luigi.

"Certainly," Luigi replied, "but, signora, you know, the stairway is not so safe."

"Well, we won't be too heavy on it, will we?" she laughed.

Luigi just sort of shook his head. He wouldn't have been heavy but she was not so thin. Anyway, they started up the old wooden stairs. Every so often

there were chinks in the wall. The countryside seemed a series of framed pictures. Luigi hurried up; he did not trust the creaks and cracks that the stairs made. His fear was justified because, as he was on the next to the last step there came a terrific, crashing noise. The supports attached to the wall were rotten with damp and began to come free, as if they had been chopped with an ax; then, with the greater weight upon the central pole of this circular stair, the pole itself cracked; with that, the whole stairway crumbled to the ground in a splintered pile of debris. The American signora had succeeded in making the stone parapet only by the sheerest luck and a surprising jump.

"HOWEVER shall we get down now?" the signora said, out of breath from her close escape.

"We can call," Luigi suggested.

"But who will hear us?"

"I am sure someone will." He went over to the parapet and yelled, but his voice disappeared in the woods; so too the signora's when she tried to call.

"Let us wait a few minutes," Luigi suggested. "Perhaps someone comes now. Look, I shall tell you what you can see."

The American signora was not completely convinced but followed and looked in the direction he pointed. Luigi spoke seriously, with the great importance of a twelve-year-old. He tried to remember everything Don Francesco had told him. "Look," he said, "you see that road that winds up to Castel Dei Monti?"

"Yes."

"Once the pope himself came up from Rome on that road, and he even spent the night in Castel Dei Monti."

"Really?"

"Absolutely. And then, when the Florentines, all dressed in silk and polished armor, went to fight the Sieneese, they marched down the road. They went to Monterspertoli, where the Sieneese beat them. Don Francesco says you can still see the Florentine standard in the Cathedral at Siena. You know also the road passes a place called San Gimignano, where there are forty-two towers like this one."

"I hope with better staircases," the signora laughed. "Tell me, do you like roads?"

"Yes. I would like to follow them all."

Just then a great gust of wind burst upon them. The tower was above the protected zone.

"It is getting cold," the signora said. "Let us try to yell again."

"*Aiuto, aiuto,*" they both cried but still only the wind replied, hissing in the pines and stripping the red leaves from the tower as if to taunt the woman and the boy.

"I am freezing," Luigi said.

"We shall never get down," the signora began, getting frantic. "Who will hear us? It is too far to the town."

"We could ask San Zenobio."

"Don't be silly. We must yell louder." But even the loudest cries were lost in the wind, torn to pieces and sifted through the pines.

"Please, signora, let us ask San Zenobio."

"You ask him," the signora said, a bit annoyed.

"No. It must be both of us."

"All right, I shall follow you."

"Dear San Zenobio," Luigi began.

"Dear San Zenobio."

"You who always liked this place so much."

"Please get us down somehow from this tower."

"Please get us down somehow from this tower."

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

"Hey!" A voice called from below. "What is going on up there? Who is it?"

Luigi ran to the parapet. "It's me."

"Scoundrel you are. You know you should not be climbing the tower. And at this time, too. Just wait till your father hears it."

"Please do not be angry," Luigi said.

"The stair is broken, and . . ."

Michele's voice changed. "Oh, are you all right? Did you get hurt?"

"I am fine, but I cannot get down."

"*Santa Madonna.* Poor child, just wait, I shall be back with a ladder." And with that Michele hurried off.

"Thank you, San Zenobio," Luigi said, looking off toward the forest.

The rescue itself was comparatively simple, although Michele thundered about the town saying that if it had been the old hag alone up there, he would have let her rot, San Zenobio or no San Zenobio. Don Francesco said that, considering everything, this point of view showed an abysmal lack of charity. Then the signora herself came to see the priest.

"Father," she said, "you are right. I would be wrong to destroy the orchard to put in a swimming pool."

"That is very good, signora."

"Instead, Father, I shall build a shrine to the saint."

"A shrine. Of course that would be one way." Don Francesco was pen-
sive.

"I thought it could be at the foot of the orchard. What do you think, Father?"

"I was just wondering what would be most in keeping with the saint."

"Oh, Gothic, I think. I would not care about the expense."

"No. No, I did not quite mean that. I was just thinking that San Zenobio loved simplicity; he used to stay in a grotto."

"Well, maybe Romanesque would be better then."

"I wonder, signora, if there would not be a better kind of shrine."

"Tell me then, what kind?"

"If I were in your position, I would honor the saint by sending a boy through school."

"Sending a boy to school?"

"Yes, the little boy who was with you."

The American signora smiled. "You know, Father, that is a grand idea. I will send him to school and others besides. That is even better than a swimming pool."

They walked to the door together. "The way of the Lord," the priest thought, "is efficient even though it may be momentarily incomprehensible."

GRACE AFTER WATER

SARAH WINGATE TAYLOR

Cool in the linden's shade I stand
drawing the well-bucket dripping up;
ice to the bone slips spill over hand
and quicksilver sparkle brims the cup.

I drink, and the water that chills my throat
jostles the pulse with a clean, swift thrust,
startles a wilted will alert
and showers the hour clear of musty dust.

Oh Sister Water, most welcome lady,
here in this grassy spot and shady
a toast to the Maker's ways I lift
that out of a lack He welds a gift,
for thirst, for quenching, made you, made me.

And made you, lovely one, set in green:
who draws no water has not seen
these mossy emeralds that you wear,
that keep me wealthy just standing here.

BEE MAN

FRANCES S. LOVELL

Cast like the bee tree which he seeks,
in mold of gaunt and gnarled shape,
the bee man, patient as the hills
he climbs, sits by the flowering grape
and waits one busy laborer
to find the box upon his knee.
He walks away; the bee returns
for more bee bread and suddenly
a score are working at his box.
A little farther on he goes;
he knows they carry it back home
and thicker now the swarming grows.
Across the field, through brook and brake;
the hill is steep, the briars tear,
and then it stands against the sky,
aching with sweetness, the bee tree there!

No hurry now—'twill still be there,
so the bee man rests on a lonely hill.
Tomorrow he will cut it down,
of wild, dark honey have his fill.

IS THIS THE AGE OF GREAT LAY SAINTS?



1 Lay people can find sanctity in politics, business, unions. Donald J. Thorman, U. S. social action leader, points the way



2 Twelve experts on the "new" spirituality for laymen comment on what's behind the trend and express their optimism about the future

3 Even the organization man, a maligned figure, can be holy, says Father Andrew Greeley, noted writer on suburban life



IS THIS THE AGE OF GREAT LAY SAINTS?

BY DONALD J. THORMAN

The era we have entered is called the atomic age, the nuclear age, the space age, and even the age of the common man. Ecclesiastical historians may one day call it "The Age of the Great Lay Saints."

Frequent Holy Communion, increased participation in the liturgy, deeper knowledge of the Bible, study clubs, improved education and social opportunity, the multiplication of excellent writings on the nature of the Christian life and the role of the laity in the Church—all these developments are contributing to the formation of a more spiritual laity.

Particularly during the past thirty years, the development of Catholic Action organizations has awakened the laity to new responsibilities and opportunities. With the awakening has come the development of a "new" spirituality.

This new spirituality is not new in essence, for Christian life remains essentially the same. There is no essential difference between the principles of the spiritual life for the layman and for the priest or consecrated religious. All Christians are nourished by the same Word of Truth, the same Bread of Life, and the Sacraments. All who ask are granted the same life of the Holy Spirit and are called to practice the same theological and moral virtues. Jesus Christ remains the only Way for all—and each Christian must meet the obligations imposed upon him by his state in life.

But conditions surrounding a man's state in life change with history. And in recent years, some pointed questions have been asked, particularly by laymen involved in the life of the Church through various Catholic Action movements.

"We want to become saints," they declare. "But we find ourselves terribly busy with our families, our work, our business, even with tasks assigned by our Catholic organizations. We are constantly urged to assume new tasks, new functions, in civil society and in the Church. And we are answering the challenge."

But, they add, there seems to be a conflict.

"How can we reconcile a life filled with such apostolic activity in the world to the ideas we have so frequently heard expressed about becoming too 'worldly'? How can we avoid the temptations of the world, if we must become so intimately concerned with the affairs of the world? How can we find time for those long, quiet periods of prayer?"

To answer these pertinent questions, a whole new literature has arisen.

An outstanding characteristic of this new look in spirituality is heavy emphasis on dedicated action, on apostolic spirituality that seeks to grow in the love of God by serving God in our neighbor.

A glance at spiritual books written generations ago shows the tendency of Christian writers to urge the layman to withdraw from the world to avoid contamination by secular society. The layman was counseled against allowing himself to be engaged in secular pursuits lest he lose his soul.

An opposite trend exists today. Leading writers on spirituality for the laity are urging the layman to enter more closely into the affairs of the world, to assume civic responsibilities, to play a greater role in politics, business,



Bishop John Wright of Pittsburgh

"Nothing gives better evidence of the depth of the desire for a theologically-based spiritual life among Catholic American laity than the phenomenal growth of the lay retreat movement. Lay retreats, those for men, for women, and for married couples, have become a major part of the spiritual potential of the Church in the U.S.

"However intensely spiritual our Catholic people may be, however retreat-minded or close to the liturgy, they remain Americans. As such they will probably never be overly-given to speculation or even to meditation for its own sake. Their test of their own spirituality will continue to be the pragmatic test, the test suggested by Christ, perhaps when He said: By their fruits ye shall know them! Catholic Americans will turn to apostolic programs as a means of translating into spiritual and corporal works of mercy the idealism intensified in their hearts."

Father Joseph H. Fichter, S.J.

Head, Department of Sociology, Loyola University of the South, New Orleans; author of Parochial School and Sociology

"The sociologist must point out that status can never be far separated from role. The former general low social status of the Catholic American laity was almost logically associated with a low and subsidiary functional role in the Church. A rising social status on the part of the laity demands a more significant role in the Church as well as in other institutional systems."



Msgr. Irving A. De Blanc

Director, Family Life Bureau, N.C.W.C.

"Possibly the most arresting Christian phenomenon of our times is the rediscovery of the layman's true role in the Church. It will not be surprising some day in the not too distant future, God willing, to see some of our American Catholic laymen canonized as saints. Of the many reasons for this that we might offer, tremendous emphasis might be placed on St. Pius X. It was he who provided the greatest turning point in the sanctification of the laity when he made daily Communion possible for all. The next greatest factor could well have been the Church's gigantic formal and informal educational program."

Margaret Mealey

Executive Secretary, National Council of Catholic Women

"Changed world conditions have forced the laity to assume a teaching position in the Church and called for a fuller and deeper knowledge of Catholic principles and doctrine. With added knowledge has come a realization by the laity of the true meaning of Confirmation as the layman's Sacrament of Holy Orders. Thus, the layman sees and accepts his new responsibility to work in the neighborhood, the community, the world of work and of play. In this changing picture woman has taken her new place—no longer only as guide and teacher within the home, but also in the many fields of social and political life which demand her attention."



trade unions, and cultural affairs. Laymen are exhorted to extend the spiritual and corporal works of mercy to all their neighbors, using modern techniques and opportunities.

We might ask: can the Church produce a generation of lay saints who have chosen to make the world their cloister? The answer seems to be an emphatic yes.

The basic principles of the spiritual life remain the same for all, cloistered and uncloistered: purity of heart, justice and charity, burning love for God and for our fellow men.

But to be in the world yet not *of* the world, to live daily amid worldly concerns and keep oneself "unspotted from this world" while trying to consecrate the world to Christ, is the heroic task assigned the laymen today.

This means the layman must develop his sense of justice and charity, perform his penance, and acquire his inward purity of heart amid his daily work.

New techniques and aids are available. Just as modern Scripture studies have provided the student of the Bible with more information and techniques about Bible studies than his ancestors had, so changing social conditions in the life of the Church and the elaboration of the Church's social teaching have aided the layman to attain holiness and to fulfill more effectively his role in the Church.

We know that society has become increasingly more secular because of the lack of large numbers of consciously Christian men on all levels of social life. In answer to this pure "worldliness," the popes and hierarchy have urged Christians to exercise a Christian influence in the world.

The Church has warned of the necessity of inward formation of heart and mind—of adequate instruction and frequent reception of the Sacraments. She holds up the retreat movement as a storehouse of spiritual energy for the social apostolate. She has encouraged study groups and a deeper participation by the laity in the liturgy.

But the Church also expects that the informed lay apostle will continue his growth in holiness by exercising the virtues of justice and charity, patience and humility, temperance and fortitude in the daily circumstances in which he lives.

Since the thirties, the laity has been responding to the newly assigned tasks. Under the inspired leadership of devoted and well-trained priests and lay pioneers, the emphasis was at first on social action. The response may have been typically American. Laymen became involved in labor schools, Catholic Worker groups, Friendship Houses, diocesan social action groups, the interracial apostolate, etc.

Since World War II, the various family movements have multiplied and grown like the birthrate itself; the Sodality has become even more vital; adult education has developed in many areas; the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine has expanded; the Legion of Mary and the various Third Orders report rapid growth; and specialized groups, such as Young Christian Students, Young Christian Workers, and the Christian Family Movement, are flourishing in many areas.

The current concern over a deeper knowledge of spiritual life for the laity has developed considerably as a *result* of apostolic action. Christian knowledge is not sterile. It urges action. Prayer and contemplation overflow in action. It is important here to remember, however, that when people engage in apostolic work with noble intention, the work itself appears to have a sanctifying influence.

In response to these needs of the laity, the Church has been reaching into the inexhaustible depths of her spiritual heritage to develop a way of life with God and man that is tailored to the revolutionary times in which we live—a spirituality as new as it is ancient. The comments on these pages from writers concerned with this "new" spirituality reflect the tremendous interest which has been aroused in the laity for a deeper life of the spirit—an interest which may well lead to making this "the Age of Great Lay Saints."

Father Forrest Macken, C.P.

Professor of Theology, Passionist Fathers Seminary, Louisville, Ky. Long engaged in lay apostolic work

"As far as the idea of spiritual growth through properly motivated apostolic action is concerned, my impression is that this was neither thought of first nor presented first. Rather the concern was to initiate action critically called for in order to transform conditions and social institutions. The popes called for this action. Increased social awareness called for this action (as the pendulum began to swing away from individualism). New realization that social conditions often strangle normal religious life called for this social action. The fact of membership with others in the Mystical Body called for this social action. Chronologically, social action was fostered first. Afterward, thought turned to spiritual growth."



Dr. John J. Kane

Head, Department of Sociology, Notre Dame University. Author, *Together in Marriage*



"From a sociological viewpoint, I am inclined to believe that the current interest in spirituality for the laity is associated with a new attitude toward religion. In the past, the very many zealous Catholics found themselves facing acute problems economically and socially. They fought what I would consider a holding action to retain the faith for themselves and their children. Today they have more time, better education, and place more emphasis on the positive aspects of religion."

Katherine Burton

Women's Editor, *THE SIGN*, author

"In this day when nations suffer hunger, ill treatment, loss of human rights, we answer the call for help generously. But it is chiefly a giving from our own material abundance. Our Lord, when He gave such help, taught clearly that the spiritual meaning was the important thing. He divided loaves and fishes and multiplied them, but His greatest gift was His own suffering. So it should be with us: the truly spiritual giving can develop only in giving of oneself.

"The spirituality latent in our laity will be tapped and become abundantly worth while when they are asked to give of themselves, and this has not yet been demanded."



Father Dennis J. Geaney, O.S.A.

Author, *You Are Not Your Own, Christians in a Changing World*



"It seems to me that the number of Catholics who see the temporal order, 'the bread and butter, beer and pretzels world,' as an apostolate is relatively small when compared with the approximately 40 million Catholics

in this country. What is exciting is the noticeable trend in that direction which augurs well for the future. . . .

"Through the Catholic Action movements and the renewed interest in the doctrine of the Mystical Body there has developed a spirituality of action. Lay people increasingly see their commitment to Christ in terms of secular tasks, and not simply additional religious practices."

IS THIS THE AGE OF GREAT LAY SAINTS?

Organization Man: Hope for a Halo



BY ANDREW GREELEY

St. John of General Motors? St. Michael of the UAW? St. Paul of the Pentagon? St. Henry of Michigan State? Will these names some day appear in the calendar of the Saints? Will missals of the future contain Masses in honor of such "organization man" saints? Will their biographies be required reading for future, college, religion courses?

Such hopes may seem visionary if not ridiculous; but anyone who knows the history of the Church will not rule out the possibility of businessmen saints. Furthermore, anyone who has experience with the problems of modern businessmen will not ignore the necessity of there being some saints who were "organization men."

Each age of human history has had its typical men—the kind of man who sums up, in his interests and his goals, the spirit of the times. In the late Roman age, there were rhetoricians like Cicero; in the Middle Ages, knights and kings like Richard the Lionhearted; in the Renaissance, adventurers like Columbus and humanists like Erasmus; in the first days of the New World, there were frontiersmen like LaSalle and Boone.

In each of these periods of history, the Church produced saints who did not run away from their society but rather took from their own time what was best and transformed it. These "timely" saints were a living proof that, no matter what the climate of society, the flower of Christian sanctity could always bloom.

From the schools of rhetoric came an Augustine and a Basil; from chivalry came a Louis of France; from the Renaissance came a More and a Xavier; from the pioneer days came a Jogues and a Serra. The spirit of any time in history can produce many selfish and evil men, but it can also combine with Christianity to produce its own unique brand of sanctity.

Ours is a business society, and few will deny that the businessman is the most typical person in it. In recent years, the businessman has usually become an organization man—an executive in a large enterprise, be it a company, a union, a university, or a department of government. To suggest that these organization men are called to holiness, to a deep personal union with God which will transform their lives and the lives of those around them, may seem absurd, but it is true beyond all doubt.

Every baptized Christian is called to holiness, no matter what his occupation. One of the major challenges the Church in America faces is to find the outline of a program by which organization men can find their way to holiness; indeed, the career of the organization man is so rigorous that unless he is able to achieve a considerable degree of sanctity, he may not even be able to lead a human life.

There are a discouraging number of obstacles which the organization man must surmount in his quest for holiness. His career makes tremendous demands upon him. His days are hectic and harried and his nights are often taken up by briefcase work or by job-dictated socializing. His weekends

may not be spent in the office, but the office usually goes with him. The eight-hour day and the forty-hour week are for the organization man who is content to stay at the bottom of the ladder. If a man wishes to be a success—and most men do—he must eat, sleep, and live his career. If he does not, there are always others, more eager than he, ready to take his place.

The external symbols of success become important, not merely as proof to others of his worth, but also as a reassurance to himself. The location of his desk, the furniture and carpeting in his office, the pay of his secretary, the smile of his boss, the size of his car, the neighborhood where he lives, the coat his wife wears, the college where he will send his children—all these are not only signs of success; they have also become symbols of personal value.

So, some new, suburban homes offer gold faucets for \$500 extra and TV in the bedroom ceilings. One maker of prestige cars estimates that 40 per cent of his customers cannot really afford the car. Swimming pool and boat manufacturers unashamedly brag that their products have more prestige value than a second car. With each major promotion, a new country club and a new group of friends must be acquired, and in each successive home a family room must become first a "recreation room," then a "den," then a "study," and finally a "library." It is extremely difficult for the organization man to follow the Gospel injunction not to give thought to what he will eat or what he will drink or what he will put on. The kingdom of God and its justice do not add very much to one's stature.

THE organization man's life is hopelessly unintegrated. He must harmonize his family, his religion, his neighborhood responsibilities, his political and social interests, his recreation, with the insistent and consuming demands of his career. Despite the widespread approval given to the well-balanced life, it is not simple to harmonize the drive and competition of the business relationship with the gentleness and affection required of the family relationship.

The fast-talking sales manager may find it a puzzling task to talk to a five-year-old—or to God. The brilliant account executive cannot imagine why his wife lets small problems upset her. The corporation vice-president who has a record for ruthless efficiency does not feel at home practicing the virtue of charity. The financial wizard simply cannot concentrate on the mechanics of mental prayer. The talented corporation lawyer soon grows impatient with the more slow-witted fellow members of an improvement association committee. The career is the most important factor in the life of an organization man, and whatever shape and integration his life has must come from his career.

The result? Many seem to be able to survive without any noticeable personal strain. But many do not. Their marriages may not end up in the divorce courts, but neither is their family life very satisfying. Their consciences disturb them because of the feeling that they are neglecting responsibilities. They pile up a large trove of material possessions, most of which they have little time to enjoy. Their lives go by quickly, but when they realize for the first time that they are old, they cannot feel that they have accomplished anything that is really important.

The tension of such a frantic and unnatural existence is bound to take its toll. In one rather small manufacturing firm, the entire sales staff of eighteen men is taking tranquilizers under doctor's instructions. The American economy must have its dedicated organization men if it is to survive, but it seems to demand of these men the kind of sacrifices which virtually destroy human living. Is there no spiritual hope for such men? Is our society basically immoral in making such demands on its members?

Martin H. Work

Executive Director, National Council of Catholic Men

"The old idea of 'riding into heaven on the cask of a priest' is losing its grip on the Catholic layman of today. The end of the ride is the same, but laymen are beginning to realize that the method of travel has got to change. A priest can help draw the road map and check our motor for defects, but the transportation vehicle must be the layman's own sanctity and built especially to take the curves, pits, and detours of the layman through the secular world. You can't run a Thunderbird on diesel oil, so the layman's spiritual fuel supply must be distilled to fit the vehicle and the road.

"Laymen have begun to realize that the consecration of the world requires a particular kind of spiritual training and motivation to even understand the dimensions of the problem."



Father Louis J. Putz, C.S.C.

Pioneer in Catholic Action in U.S.; President of Fides Publishers

"The emphasis on apostolic action has come about mainly because the present status of society demands apostolic and militant Christians. For the Gospel to get a hearing in today's world, only strongly motivated and well-trained apostles will penetrate into the centers of political and industrial and professional life where the great decisions are made. This takes apostolically orientated lives, and it is difficult to see how these men can do their work without a deep spirituality based on their particular walk in life."



Joseph Breig

Assistant Managing Editor, Cleveland Catholic Universe Bulletin; syndicated columnist

"Pope St. Pius X foresaw what Catholic education—and above all frequent Mass and Communion—would bring to pass. He rightly looked forward to a new spirituality and a new apostolic spirit among the laity. Today, two things are greatly needed—the directing and perfecting of the new spirituality among lay people and the opening of channels in which it can operate. The possibilities for a golden age of the Church are downright staggering."



Bob Senser

Editor, Work



"The layman must work out his eternal destiny in the world—in and through his work, his recreation, his family life, and his role as a citizen, in addition to his worship. But I think that there's a danger in making too sharp a distinction between the spiritual life of the layman and that of the priest. For example, the writers on lay spirituality sometimes sound as though they think the priest doesn't live in the world and has no responsibility for the social order. If this were the true role of the priest, then the bishops of the United States were wrong in issuing their statement last year against racial segregation."

IS THIS THE AGE OF GREAT LAY SAINTS?

There are no easy answers to these questions. Religion cannot be a mere palliative, a "peace of mind" sedative which calms the nerves and eases guilt feelings. But religion can transform a man's existence; it can give him a sense of values which will enable him to see his job as a vocation but in no sense his only vocation. It can direct him to the pursuit of the one necessary thing and help him to order everything else to this pursuit. It can harmonize his many vocations into one basic vocation—the love of God. Can an organization man be a saint? Of course he can; everyone can; and, if the organization man is to avoid being overwhelmed by his job, he must be a saint.

The basic principles of the spiritual life are as old as Christianity. But, as Christians meet new problems, new applications of the timeless principles must be made. A clearly defined program for holiness for the organization man has yet to be made. It may take many years and much discussion to outline such a program; even now some suggestions can be made.

Essential to any quest for holiness are contemplation and its first cousin, recollection. I use contemplation here in the broad sense of the word—mental prayer. However, it should be noted that, according to the common teaching of theologians, all Christians are also called to contemplation in the strict sense—affectionate union with God in the higher forms of prayer.

The Catholic organization man, one would presume, is well aware of the eternal truths taught by his religion. But this life is so busy that many of these religious realities remain merely mental assents with little operational effect. He knows full well that his eternal salvation is the most serious thing in his life; that he owes profound duties to his family, his neighborhood, his city, his nation, the whole of mankind; and that his job is not the most valuable thing in his life.

He realizes, at least intellectually, that a contract, an account, a deal, a customer, a promotion are important, but not all-important. He has heard often that there are worse things in life than failure, that the people with whom he is dealing are human beings and not unfeeling cogs, and that union with God is essential to true happiness even here on earth. But these truths can become vital to him only if they seep into all the inner corners of his soul, all the fibers of his being, through frequent examination in mental prayer. The organization man's life is a series of agonizing decisions; he will not make the right decisions unless he has a stable hierarchy of values, and mental prayer is essential to a value system.

Daily mental prayer, as important as it is, is not enough. The organization man must have perspective. He must be able to step apart from his daily routine and see it for what it is. Hence, his spiritual life will require longer periods of recollection.

A yearly retreat and a monthly day or evening of recollection are indispensable to him. Only when he uses such

spiritual tools will he begin to be conscious of what the spiritual writers call "the presence of God."

A second staple for the spiritual life of the organization man will be a spirit of poverty. He has surrounded himself with the greatest collection of gadgets that man has ever known. He must be either the master of these gadgets or their slave. As old as the Christian life is the rule that mortification is essential for growth in holiness. To use all the good creatures of this world properly, we must voluntarily relinquish some of them.

Spiritual poverty is a complicated problem even for the man with excellent intentions. Few of our marvelous inventions and amusements are useless. Excellent arguments can be made for many of them. A good number are even essential for a person's state in life. A corporation executive must have clothes, a home, a car, a way of life in keeping with his station. He should be different, but he will lose his effectiveness in society if he is too different.

No one needs gold door knobs, but quite a few people must have country-club memberships. Swimming pools are luxuries, but they are wonderful—if at times dangerous—things for the family which can afford them. A Cris Craft undoubtedly brings considerable status, but it also offers an opportunity for healthy relaxation. Expensive hi fi may seem a waste of money, but it can also help to cultivate good taste in music. Cocktail parties cost hundreds of dollars, but Our Lord changed water into wine at Cana.

THERE are no simple rules which can be given. Each person must draw up his own program of mortification; each family must decide what gadget it will refrain from buying, for its own spiritual welfare. Each organization man must determine what status symbol he is going to give up so he can see all such symbols in their proper perspective. The Christian organization man must realize that the world around him judges the marvelous products of our technological skill in a thoroughly pagan fashion. He denies himself some of these products, not because he values them less than the pagan, but because he values them more. He sees them as heaven-sent means of living a fully human life and preparing for the eternal happiness of heaven. He does not distrust them, but himself.

A third pillar for the spiritual life of the modern businessman is personal charity. Most organization men are generous, very generous, with their money. But if charity is to transfuse their whole life, they must spend part of their time in active, personal service to the least of Christ's brothers. In our days of the welfare state, opportunities for direct help to the suffering are not always immediately obvious. It may take imagination to find ways in which the corporal and spiritual works of mercy are to be practiced, but anyone who denies that there are any such opportunities need only look at the unhappy lot of the new immigrant groups in our big cities. If the reply is made that there are no organizations to assist these people, then it is the job of the Christian to found such organizations.

The businessman need not even leave the context of his job to do such work. The community relations programs of many corporations may furnish an on-the-job opportunity for personal service. If such service is performed for the right motive—always a difficult task in a money culture—it might help an organization man to see that his whole job is a form of service and not merely a struggle for success.

Personal charity will make the organization man realize that every person he meets in the course of his day is Christ seeking his love. Then he will have begun to understand that all his vocations are one vocation and that it is possible to harmonize job, religion, family, and life in the service of the Master.

Our Lord suffered His Passion all His earthly life



"TEMPTATION IN PRAYER"—ILLUSTRATION BY MARIO BARBERIS

Anticipation of an inevitable trial magnifies the suffering accompanying it

THE CROSS AND ITS ANTICIPATION

by **BERTRAND WEAVER, C. P.**

THERE IS AN ASPECT of the Cross to which, perhaps, we do not give sufficient attention. This is the fact that Our Lord suffered His Passion by anticipation all His earthly life. St. Margaret Mary says that Our Saviour revealed to her that, from the first moment of His Incarnation, the torments of His Passion had been present to Him. "From the first moment," she writes, "the Cross, as it were, had been planted in His Heart."

Anticipation of some inevitable trial frequently magnifies the suffering that is bound to accompany it. There is a proneness in many people to expect the worst. But in the case of Our Lord, the worst was actually inevitable once He had come into the world in fulfillment of the prophecy of the psalmist: "Burnt offering and sin offering Thou didst not require: then said I, Behold I come." There was no question of Christ's conjuring up sufferings that might not materialize. He simply knew, through His divine foreknowledge, every detail of the incredible sufferings that awaited Him.

Mental suffering is often much harder to bear than physical pain. Sometimes, a person who is merely threatened with a painful disease will experience such mental distress that he will, to his eternal loss, seek release through self-inflicted death. Our Redeemer had to bear the mental anguish of looking forward, not only to sufferings of indescribable intensity, but to sufferings which would be unique because of the Person who would endure them.

The Old Testament prophets could foretell the sufferings of the coming Messiah only because they were given some obscure knowledge of these sufferings by the Holy Spirit. Christ knew them, not obscurely, but in their full reality. Many prophetic references to the longed-for Saviour were filled with undertones of His sufferings. The Risen Christ was to take the two disciples on the road to Emmaus through a review of the Scriptures to pinpoint the prophecies concerning His Passion. "And beginning then with Moses and with all the Prophets, He interpreted to them in all the Scriptures the things referring to Himself." The prophecies He recalled must have concerned mainly His Passion, for He concluded: "Did not the Christ have to suffer these things before entering into His glory?"

Christ knew far better than Isaiah the meaning of the latter's prophecy

concerning the Redeemer: "Despised and the most abject of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with infirmity; and His look was as it were hidden and despised . . . we have thought Him as it were a leper, and as one struck by God and afflicted."

We find implicit references to His sufferings also in the declarations that were made concerning Him immediately before His entrance into the world and at the time of it. One example is the message of the angel who appeared to Joseph in a dream, telling him about the approaching virgin birth. The angel commanded him to call the Son who was to be born to Mary *Jesus*, which means Saviour, because, as the messenger explained, "He shall save His people from their sins." Becoming Saviour meant, according to Isaiah, being wounded for our iniquities and bruised for our sins.

Even on that most joyful night, when the skies were filled with a heavenly radiance and the song of angelic choirs, the Angel who addressed the shepherds referred to the Saviour as *Christ*, thus giving prophetic intimation of the sacrifice that He would offer. The title *Christ* is fraught with the concept of suffering. The title means the *Anointed One*. Christ is anointed as *Priest*, as the great High Priest. A priest's office is to offer sacrifice. Jesus was anointed as Priest from the moment of His Incarnation for the bloody sacrificial offering He would make of Himself on the Cross.

One of the most joyous incidents in the Gospels is the presentation of Our Lord in the Temple. Receiving the infant Christ into his arms, the aged Simeon ecstatically thanked God for fulfilling His promise that Simeon would not die without seeing the Redeemer. But even in the midst of his unutterable joy, he was inspired to prophesy regarding Our Lord's Passion, saying that the Child was a sign which would be contradicted. That this contradiction would involve great suffering was indicated when Simeon turned to Mary and added that her heart would be pierced by a sword.

Similar prophetic intimations of the Passion are found in John the Baptist's references to Our Lord. One day, Jesus approached as John was preaching. John interrupted his sermon, pointed to Christ, and exclaimed: "Behold the lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world!" The next day, when John was standing with two of his disciples, Our Lord again approached. And again the Baptist said: "Behold the lamb of God!" The two disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus. On these two occa-

sions, John came right to the point. Here was the Saviour, but he called Him *lamb of God*. Among the Hebrews, the lamb carried connotations of sacrifice, for it was frequently used in the temple sacrifices. What Israelite could forget that the blood of the paschal lamb saved his forefathers from the death visited on the first-born of the Egyptians?

The detailed knowledge that our Redeemer had of His approaching suffering could not have been more clearly revealed than it was in His statement preparing His Apostles for the "scandal" of His Passion. "Behold we are going up to Jerusalem," He said, "and all things that have been written through the prophets concerning the Son of Man will be accomplished. For He will be delivered to the Gentiles, and will be mocked and scourged and spit upon; and after they have scourged Him, they will put Him to death. . . ."

WHAT the anticipation of His Passion meant to Jesus can be understood only if one realizes that the intensity of the sufferings of the Divine Redeemer can hardly be exaggerated. Cicero said that crucifixion was the cruelest and blackest of torments. In the case of the Saviour, there preceded the actual Crucifixion all those torments which, together with the Crucifixion, we call the Sacred Passion.

The accumulation of these preceding sufferings was so grievous that Pilate used them to appeal to any human feeling that might be found in the cruel hearts of Our Lord's enemies. This attempt reached its climax in the dramatic cry of the Roman Governor as he presented the scourged and thorn-crowned Christ to the people: "Behold the Man!"

No human mind can fathom the cosmic sadness and desolation that swept over the soul of Jesus in Gethsemani. There are depths of mental torment never plumbed by even the saints in what we have come to call the Agony in the Garden. St. Mark gives a hint of that sea of agony in his poignant statement: "And He began to feel dread and to be exceedingly troubled."

In considering the scourging, it must be borne in mind that it was done according to the Roman method, which set no limit to the number of strokes of the lash. The Jewish Law forbade going beyond forty, "lest thy brother depart shamefully torn before thine eyes." The pressing down of the thorny crown was a refinement of cruelty that could only have been inspired by hell. As though all this were not enough, they jostled Our Lord,

struck Him, and spat in His sacred Face.

We are appalled that One who has endured so much should be laden with His own Cross and forced to carry it along the narrow route to Calvary. His persecutors were so fearful that what He had already suffered might prevent their enjoying the sadistic satisfaction of seeing Him nailed to the Cross that they forced Simon of Cyrene to assist Him.

Anyone who has meditated on the Crucifixion of Our Divine Saviour must be overwhelmed with the ghastly agonies that He endured. We cannot begin to realize the paroxysms of pain caused by the squared nails that had been driven into His hands and feet. Think of the impossibility of moving His body to get relief, the cramping of the muscles, the dreadful feeling of suffocation, the burning thirst. Consider the terrifying feeling of being abandoned by His Father, which caused Him to give utterance to that cry of desolation: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me!"

It may well be doubted that such an intensity of agony has ever been crowded into such a short space of time. Moreover, these tortures were harder for Christ to bear because His was a perfect body. This meant that its senses were more acute, including the sense of touch. The more sensitive the body, the more it feels pain. St. Thomas calls attention to the fact that, because of the perfect constitution of Our Lord's body, death could not enter unless preceded by the most tremendous and dreadful sufferings.

Nor can we overlook the mental anguish, which was all the greater because of the majesty of the Person. The derision, ridicule, and blasphemy that marked the Crucifixion were all hurled against one who was Christ, the Son of the living God.

This is what Christ had to face from the moment of His Incarnation. We use the sword of Damocles as a symbol of the terror that can be experienced by the mere threat of suffering and death. But evidently the sword which was reported to have been suspended by a hair over Damocles' head by order of the King of Syracuse was never permitted to fall. The Cross, which hung over Our Lord all His days, was no mere threat. He knew from the beginning that He would be nailed to it, to hang from it in agony until He was dead. The long shadow of the Cross fell back over the whole thirty-three years that He willed to spend in this world. This should be a source of great strength and inspiration, particularly for those whose suffering is of long duration.

WOMAN to WOMAN

by KATHERINE BURTON

Merchants of Filth

It is a puzzle to me that, despite a continuous campaign against smut in the way of paperbacks and pornographic pictures directed especially to younger buyers, the industry goes on producing. Who are the publishers of this material, I have asked, and it is hard to find out. But the Postmaster General says, "Ruthless mail-order merchants in filth are violating the homes in defiance of the government, callously dumping into the hands of our children, through mail boxes at home, unordered lewd material."

There are laws against obscenity, of course, and certainly most of this material is obscene. But censorship meets with opposition from some of our citizens, the addicts of civil liberty among them. On the other hand, we have the complication of those who would make all literature so clean that every page would be lily white.

Judges, feeling for a definition of obscenity, add to the trouble, even if not purposely, as with the recent *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, a book which does not come under the head of junk literature. Written thirty years ago by a master of English, it came out in a cut version here. Only recently, the uncut version has been printed, and very rightly Mr. Summerfield kept it from the mails. But also he was being used by the publishers, who placed all sorts of coy little ads about the lady and her trouble in getting to an eager public. This roused sudden interest in a book faded by the years and of no interest to children. But sadly the judge's permission to send it through the mails will open the door to the lewd material which *does* go to children, for again the definition of obscenity lies with the person who must define the word legally.

It is among the really cheap paper-backs and books of pictures published by the seekers of cash that one finds cause to shudder. I have asked people who know, and I am told it is all but impossible to go after such publishers legally, because they hide under all sorts of trade names. So one goes after the dealers and distributors who sell the smut in shops, and sometimes one finds material which can be confiscated. What I wonder is: don't these publishers and dealers have children of their own? Don't the valiant defenders of the right to apply the First Amendment here have children? Are they willing to give them such smut because the law can be circumvented?

A Big Business

Says Mr. Hoover of the F.B.I.: "These muck merchants draw no line or age distinction when it comes to customers . . . an aroused public and stiffer legal penalties are needed. Not until longer sentences and heavier fines remove the financial advantage will this happen. Then the producers and distributors of filth will be driven from this sickening business."

I have before me the New York Legislature's report on this, and it makes terrible reading. The statement of the incredible sums of money made in this trade is even sadder. They quote Mr. Hoover on this yearly five hundred million dollar business and state that only a small investment is

needed to start out. Mr. Hoover says that this sort of reading and pictures was once to be found only in the underprivileged areas of cities. "Today it has spread to the green schoolyards of our best suburbs." And he adds, "I believe this is a major cause of sex violence. If we eliminate its distribution among impressionable school-age children, we shall greatly reduce our frightening sex crime rate."

I also have a booklet by the subcommittee of postal operations of the House of Representatives, published late this spring. It goes thoroughly into the matter of mailing obscene material to children—"which can in many cases impair years of home training." The booklet says one difficulty in making arrests is the "very broad definition of the word obscenity as handed down by certain courts, notably in New York and Los Angeles where most of this business originates." The subcommittee makes it clear that valuable help is coming from an aroused public, but much more is needed. This is something which can enter every home, and I shall tell you one of the meanest ways of all.

The post office cannot open mail which is sealed and bears first-class postage, and smut material is sent thus to children and in a plain envelope. For instance, a boy may receive a letter which starts out gaily, "Hello. My name is Mary and I have something for you," and the something is often a picture with the promise of more to come if money is sent. Through the country today comes such outlaw mail to the amount of fifty million pieces a year, and much of it to young people who have written for cowboy catalogues or model airplanes or games they have seen advertised. The boy gets the catalogue—and with it an ad for meretricious pictures or books—and samples therefrom. After that he is on a sucker list and gets plain envelopes with no name or return address on them. The curiosity of a boy is one thing; the cupidity of a grown man who sells this is something very different.

How to Stop It

There is a way in which much of this can be stopped, but parents must help. If they see in the mail a plain envelope addressed to their children, let them insist on seeing the contents. Then turn it all over to Mr. Summerfield, our Postmaster General, or his able assistants, who I am told are only too anxious to get such material and go after the senders. They cannot do it unless parents send the stuff to them. The post office is receiving many letters from angry parents on this matter, but they want many more—with proof enclosed. They need help from church groups of all affiliations and federations of womens clubs and P.T.A.'s to secure sounder legislation.

After all, what offense can be worse than deliberately, for the sake of money, poisoning the minds of youth? It comes down to this: was our Constitution framed with the intention of protecting peddlers of filth? One would think so from some judicial decisions and some of the civil liberty shouters who don't see the woods for the trees. Civil liberty is necessary and good, but not when applied to these vicious printers of mental and moral poison for children.

NEW SOLDIERS IN THE COLD WAR

BY JOHN GERRITY



Is America's foreign service a cocktail club? Take a look at the vigorous

... *A mysterious change seems to come over Americans, when they go to a foreign land. They isolate themselves socially. They live pretentiously. They're loud and ostentatious. Perhaps they're frightened; or maybe they're not properly trained and make mistakes out of ignorance...*

—*The Ugly American*

A harsh indictment, these few lines from the current best-seller *The Ugly American*—an indictment which, if true, is calculated to frighten and worry any citizen about the character and abilities of thousands of other Americans, entrusted with the delicate business of representing the United States in foreign lands throughout the world.

But, paradox of paradoxes, the very people who should be offended most by these and other allegations—the foreign service officers of the State Department and other Government agencies, and especially the faculty of

the Foreign Service Institute, who are charged with training many of these overseasmen—are anything but.

"Indeed," remarked Harold B. Hoskins, Director of the Institute, with years of overseas experience in many capacities, "few articles or books in recent times, no matter how praise-heavy they might have been, have served us quite so well as the admittedly hostile *Ugly American*."

"For the past several years," Mr. Hoskins went on, "we've been trying to awaken America—within the limits of reasonable modesty, of course—to the fact that she can be mighty proud of the thousands of men and women, and even youngsters, who are portraying this nation to friendly and unfriendly foreign eyes, and often under circumstances of downright hardship."

"Where we may have failed, *The Ugly American*, and others like it, have succeeded."

"Aroused and often angry Americans from Capitol Hill to Kalamazoo have come to us," Mr. Hoskins con-

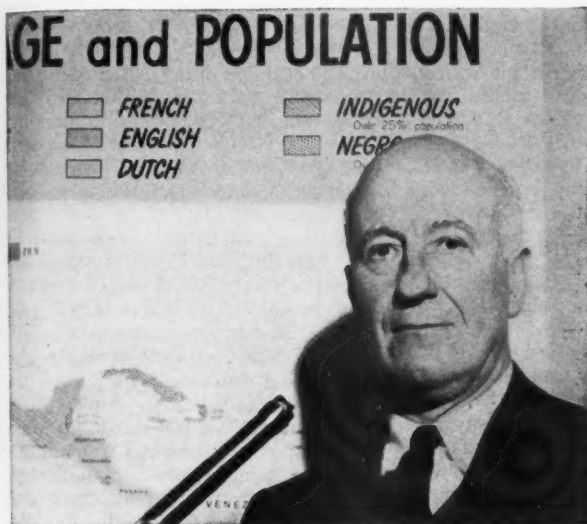
tinued, "demanding to know if the U.S. has a foreign service worthy of the name. Or if it's true that American ideals are being washed down the cocktail drain that supposedly stretches from London to Laos."

Director Hoskins and his colleagues at the Institute haven't ducked a single critic, friendly or otherwise. For all the irritated, they have a simple analgesic: "Take a long hard look at the facts, then decide for yourself."

They will tell you with total candor, for example, that five short years ago, when a special investigating committee appointed by the Secretary of State, headed by Henry M. Wriston, then President of Brown University, reviewed the State Department's over-all personnel problems, the results were anything but reassuring.

The Foreign Service Officers Corps numbered only 1285, fewer than at any time since 1949. From 1946 until 1954, the department had been able to hire only 355 beginning-officers. Only three out of every ten officers, irrespec-

Left: The late John Foster Dulles, with Harold B. Hoskins, director, praised Institute: "factory of objective thinkers." Below: Alan M. G. Little, co-ordinator, maintains annual flow of 8,000 students through the extensive diplomatic seminars. Right: Mrs. M. Williams Blake briefs a new class of officers' wives on conduct expected of them when they reach new posts. Right below: Clerks and secretaries receive language training as well as the consular and diplomatic officers of State.



STATE DEPARTMENT PHOTOS

Foreign Service Institute which turns out skillful, hard-working diplomats

tive of rank or years of service, had even a passing acquaintance with a foreign language. Experts in international law, foreign aid, the economics of trade and exchange, diplomatic and consular procedures, and even geography, were distinguished mainly by the paucity of their numbers. And the few on hand were perforce assigned to major posts in the great capitals of the world.

Morale was at its lowest ebb. To an internal sickness, caused largely by inadequate budgets, public apathy, and widespread ignorance of the real purpose of a foreign service corps, were added fresh wounds, inflicted by an unfriendly press and equally unfriendly Congressional investigators.

But there's another—and new—side to the coin. Although the Foreign Service Institute was set up in 1946, its real effectiveness wasn't manifest until the full impact of the Wriston Committee's report was felt.

In the past five years, the corps has grown to some thirty-five hundred of-

ficers. Of these, about three thousand are competent in at least one foreign language. In all, some one hundred foreign tutors, working at a feverish pace at the Institute's campus in the soundproofed cellars of Arlington Towers, just across the Potomac from the Lincoln Memorial, teach twenty-one languages. These include the so-called "world" languages: French, Spanish, Italian, and German, plus "exotic" languages like Cambodian, Indonesian, Japanese, Bulgarian, Hindi, Chinese, and Hebrew.

Six hours a day, in six-man classes, these officers, along with others employed by the International Co-operation Administration, the U.S. Information Service, and the military services, who also study at the Institute, are virtually saturated with the language they will use in their foreign posts.

But that's not all. Each student (most have previously earned their bachelor degrees; many have completed graduate work) averages about two additional hours working alone with

tape recorders which coach and correct at the same time.

Along with language training are intensive lectures in techniques essential to the job of a foreign representative, such as security, diplomatic, and consular procedures, political activities, and problems growing out of Americans' vastly increased foreign travel, which might range from bailing an intoxicated American out of a French prefecture to helping insure the safe delivery of a new American citizen in Afghanistan. But the most important objective is to train junior officers for the task of adjusting themselves to new ways of living, new standards of values, and new moral concepts which prevail in any of the eighty-odd nations to which they might be as-

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signed. And to do so without sacrificing any American ideal.

Recognizing that the shibboleth "Everyone in the world is dumb, except us Americans" is a dodo, truth and objectivity are the principal tools foreign service officers are taught to use in handling touchy questions about current American life.

For example, one of the most sensitive American subjects abroad today—and one on which the Soviet propaganda merchants have grown fat—is our problem of integrating the schools of the South.

To guide the students in answering this and other grave questions on racial inequality, the Institute wisely selected as one of its main lecturers Dr. Frank Snowden, Dean of the Liberal Arts College of Howard University, the foremost predominantly Negro educational institution in the U.S.

In a recent typical lecture, Dr. Snowden, whose wide foreign service experience includes a four-year tour as the Cultural Affairs Attaché of the American Embassy in Rome, laid it squarely on the line.

"Tell them the good and the bad of any controversial question," said Dr. Snowden. "Chances are they have already been fully informed by the Soviets of all bad aspects of American life.

"Avoid the argumentative approach," he said. "And for heaven's sake, don't respond to a tough question with a look-at-your-own-dirty-linen type of answer."

To show that humor is universal and a gentle wisecrack will often do more good than a thesis, Dr. Snowden described an incident some years ago in India when he was confronted by a group of university students, armed to the teeth with Soviet propaganda "prov-

ing that the average American had about as much cultural background as a sow."

Without interruption, Dr. Snowden heard one critical harangue after another until all had finished.

"Gentlemen," he said finally, "I must confess you have me overwhelmed; if the Russians are to be believed, and I would be the last to cast a single doubt on their assertions, we in America are ignorant of everything—and of other things, too."

The session broke up in embarrassed laughter. But the Indian students had found an understanding friend with the courage to poke fun at himself.

So far as objectivity is concerned, this is not to say that the U.S. has thirty-five hundred different foreign-policy philosophies in circulation at any given moment. But it is to say, as President Eisenhower remarked recently, "We must have men who are capable of thinking—thinking objectively on the problem that is before them—who can give the best information, with the best interpretation and the best advice they can provide, to the State Department."

It is for the sake of objectivity also that foreign service officers are exposed to every possible side of controversial issues. It is by no mischance, for example, that the senior officers class has heard from former Secretary of State, Dean G. Acheson, who thus far has been undistinguished as an ardent supporter of the Eisenhower-Dulles-Herter over-all policies.

The ability to understand, speak, and write the language of another land is an absolute prerequisite for the understanding of foreign customs, the bridging of cultural chasms, and, most importantly, the exchange of political philosophies, a must in the ceaseless battle for men's minds.

Too often have we heard that Americans overseas are ham-handed, fumbling dolts, especially when they tangle with the Russians in the conversion of a local political development to the advantage of democratic principles.

This is certainly not true today. Nor was it entirely true. Some eleven years ago, for example, Italy was the second largest Communist-populated nation in Europe. A major election was upcoming. Its outcome was to determine whether Italy was to remain allied with the free world or become another satellite of Russia.

The Communists had widely advertised a gala pre-election Mother's Day rally, to be held in Rome. But the exact date had not been disclosed. Along with other American correspondents assigned to cover the election, I had hammered away at the Communist officials, trying to pin down the rally day. Finally, the Reds hit upon San Giuseppe's Day (St. Joseph's Day), a church and civil holiday in Italy.

From all over Italy, wives of farmers, innkeepers, tradesmen, artisans, and professional workers poured into the Holy City, traveling in donkey-carts, trucks, motorbikes, bicycles, and ancient autos, all provided by the Communists to insure a mammoth turnout. (Contrary to what many think, poor and lower middle class Italians, living in the hinterlands, rarely, if ever, get to Rome.)

When the great day came, the streets and sidewalks were jammed with visitors, more than even Mussolini in his heyday could attract. The rally was to be held in a municipal park, given to the city centuries ago by the Colonna family. Togliatti, the Italian Communist candidate for premier, was there. So was his first lieutenant, Caspar Nenni. There were bands and bunting. Free balloons and ices. Box lunches could be had for a few lire. There was wine for all.

But there was one hitch. There was no audience. Togliatti and Nenni waited impatiently for more than an hour, surrounded by their flunkies, all dumbfounded by the super-flop they had staged.

What had happened was that the Communists had forgotten that Italians are devout Catholics. Unknowingly, they had given thousands of Italian mothers a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to make a pilgrimage to one of the scores of Roman churches dedicated to one of the greatest of saints, San Giuseppe.

It was not until a week later that I discovered the idea of holding their rally on San Giuseppe Day had been "sold" to the Communists by a bright



Classes spend up to six hours a day studying languages needed in their posts

young attaché on Ambassador James Dunn's staff, who knew his Italy and his Italians, at a small cocktail party held in Rome's famous Excelsior Hotel.

The grind in the Institute goes on, day in and night out. Junior officers spend at least twelve weeks in their concentrated pre-assignment training. Some, depending upon the difficulty of their chosen language and other factors, may remain in the school for twenty-seven months. The same is true of mid-career officers, those whose field experience ranges between seven and ten years. The senior officers' classes, composed of expert specialists and supervisory officers, vary in terms of time, depending again on the nature of the courses. In some instances, for example, the Institute may send a senior or mid-career officer to some other university such as Georgetown or Stanford or the University of California for highly specialized work.

BESIDES this, the Institute conducts extensive extension courses, coupled with classroom instruction, in many of our major embassies. And not just for the professionals, but for clerical and stenographic employees as well. In all, between seven and eight thousand men and women make up the annual student body. The total budget (it includes everything) is about \$5,000,000, a cost figure far below that of any of the three military service academies and much less than the customary budget of a moderate-sized private university.

There is one unique aspect to the Institute that sets it apart from other educational institutions. No student ever finishes his academic work. Every officer, regardless of his rank, must attend review sessions during his home-leaves or between assignments. Once an officer leaves for his post, he is urged (the word "required" is a bit too strong) to submit and receive constantly fresh information, helpful to his job and to his successors.

While an honor system exists by which officers self-evaluate their proficiency and progress, this self-evaluation is back-stopped by close scrutiny of an omnipresent inspection system, which constantly oversees our 274 foreign posts.

These inspectors are not "snoopers"; their job is to be helpfully critical. Nevertheless, if an inspector should discover an officer who is maladjusted, incompetent, or just plain lazy, he can fire him or transfer him on the spot—a power not possessed by a chief of mission or even an ambassador.

While the Institute's functions are separate and distinct from those of the

inspection service, inspectors can and do recommend officers for additional or specialized training.

Nor is this the end of realism. The Institute has long subscribed to the idea that "behind every successful man there is a woman." Accordingly, though no specific appropriation exists for this purpose, it manages to train about one hundred officers' wives each month so they can efficiently complement their husbands in literally hundreds of chores which must be performed away from a desk.

While no legal authorization for the training of officers' wives yet exists, the Institute allows them to attend lectures on a seat-available basis. Lecturers for the most part are experienced foreign service wives who volunteer their time. The only paid faculty member is the "dean," Mrs. M. Williams Blake, a foreign service widow with experience in nine foreign posts, who works on a contract basis. Personable and gracious, Mrs. Blake is nonetheless as strict as any of her male colleagues. She bases her courses on the fact that "Every foreign representative and his family are guests of the people of the countries in which they are stationed . . ." and they are expected to display "the sort of considerate behavior which they would expect of guests in their own households."

In short, the wives' course is aimed mainly at informing the ladies on how to run an American household in a foreign land and to homogenize the affairs and activities of their families with the customs and traditions of the nationals of the land where they will live—within the limits of common sense and good taste.

"This doesn't mean," Mrs. Blake said, "that if local custom dictates that the family laundry shall be washed by beating soiled clothes with a rock, an American wife is expected to show up on Monday with her weekly wash and her rock."

"But on the other hand," she went on, "if crossed knees are taboo in Bangkok [and they are], an American wife would be doing her nation a disservice if she were to flaunt a local custom, either out of ignorance or arrogance."

Mrs. Blake draws heavily on other experienced foreign service wives for her lecture material. American brusqueness, sometimes verging on discourtesy or downright bad manners, is a constant problem. Sometimes a thoughtless remark or action might undo months of friendship-building. Yet often a single deft or subtle remark may save the day.

"Several years ago," Mrs. Blake re-

called, "Ambassador and Mrs. Arthur Bliss Lane were browsing in a bookstore in Rome and chatting about books with the owner of the shop."

"In pranced a fresh young thing, obviously as American as baseball. She barged into the conversation, demanding immediately a copy of Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*."

"The unmistakably offended bookseller and the equally embarrassed Lanes exchanged glances, as he trotted off to satisfy the imperious demand."

"Wilde in hand, the young lady, an embassy secretary, flounced out of the shop, leaving an awkward, uncomfortable silence in her wake."

"But after a moment, Mr. Lane set things aright, commenting wryly:

"I suggest, sir, that for the edification of a few of my countrymen, you might consider stocking *The Earnestness of Being Important*."

Another tough nut to crack is the job of convincing Americans abroad that they must widen their friendships and ring of acquaintances and avoid isolating themselves in the sanctity of an American Embassy colony.

An unfortunate case in point is contained in an anecdote Harlan Cleveland, Dean of the Maxwell School at Syracuse University and a frequent lecturer at the Institute, likes to tell.

It concerns a young wife in Washington Heights, a suburb in Tokyo which tries to look like an American suburb—supermarkets, movies, dry-cleaners, bowling alleys, record shops—the works.

When this young lady was asked if she ever ventured into the surrounding Oriental metropolitan area, she remarked, "I went down to Ginza once, but it was too crowded with Japanese."

TO OFFSET this kind of social exclusivity, Mrs. Blake urges wives to take part in local community and social affairs, to send their children to national schools whenever possible rather than to international schools or to private tutors, to study local customs, to entertain and visit with nationals, and to share as much of their American background as they possibly can.

"This intermingling, of course," she said, "must be tempered by the constant knowledge that Americans are Americans and they are expected to act like Americans."

"For an American wife to appear at a Hindustani function in a sari, nose jewels, or what have you would be ludicrous and offensive, just as it would be if she were to visit a prime minister's wife, dressed in slacks."

Perhaps the most refreshing thing
(Continued on page 84)

WHEN MAX REINHARDT first presented this medieval legend as a stage spectacle in 1911, it was greeted with varying, vigorous emotions, but **THE MIRACLE** continued on to become the most popular stage spectacle of this century. Transforming a pageant into a motion picture is a difficult assignment at best, and the degree of success achieved by the collaborators in this venture must be measured against the problems they encountered.

Using music, dance, and pantomime, the original production told of a novice who leaves her convent and becomes the central figure in a series of worldly adventures. In her absence, a statue of the Madonna comes to life and takes her place. In time, the weary, disheartened, and penitent girl returns to pray for forgiveness, and the statue reappears in its niche.

In this version, the story is set in the Spain of 1812 when Napoleon's forces invaded the country. A young postulant at the convent of Miraflores believes she has fallen in love with a British grenadier. She leaves the convent to follow him but is told he has died. In due course, she joins a gypsy tribe, becomes a flamenco dancer and café singer, and eventually is reunited with the officer, just as his regiment is called to action at a place called Waterloo.

Her prayers for his safety blend into a plea for forgiveness and an awareness that she must return to the convent and rededicate herself to the vocation she had so foolishly tossed aside. Her reappearance causes no astonishment, but there is joy over the return of the statue of Our Lady which had been missing from its pedestal for so long.

Carroll Baker's portrayal is convincing, though not as varied as the facets of the role would seem to require. Walter Slezak and Katina Paxinou are splendid as the gypsies who befriend her, while Dennis King, Roger Moore, Gustavo Rojo, Isobel Elsom, and Vittorio Gassman are excellent in lesser assignments.

The Miracle is colorful, spectacular, and, in a limited sense, has spiritual values. Hollywood waited a long time before attempting this production, and a good deal of thought, revision, and expensive preparation went into it. The result may not justify the effort, but it is an interesting and often moving experiment. (Warner Bros.)

Reviews in Brief

Nevil Shute's **ON THE BEACH** is a grim glimpse into a possible aftermath of atomic war. Its anti-nuclear-weapon message is projected in terms which are, at the very least, debatable and defeatist. The year is 1964. An atomic war has wiped out the northern hemisphere, and in Australia the populace is fearfully awaiting the arrival of a fatal radioactive fallout scheduled to reach them within five months. An American atomic sub arrives in Melbourne to undertake an exploration of the west coast of North America. The commander (Gregory Peck), an Australian liaison officer (Anthony Perkins), a nuclear physicist (Fred Astaire) tortured by his contribution to the development of the monstrous bomb, and a hard-drinking Australian girl (Ava Gardner) are the principal characters.

There are a few superficial and questionable passages in which an effort is made to analyze "the cause of it all." The guilt is applied indiscriminately to both unnamed countries, which ignores the essentials of our current dangerous situation. As the days tick off for the Aussies, reactions range from a pip-pip attitude to carefully controlled fear. Spiritual values are practically ignored, with religious display restricted to the tambourine variety, while at the end crowds queue up for suicide pills distributed by a thoughtful and benevolent government. Those who displayed any honest fear or spiritual realization had evidently long since taken to the hills.

STAGE AND SCREEN

by JERRY COTTER

Clint Walker, John Russell, and Edd Byrnes
(opposite page) in "Yellowstone Kelly"

Novice Carroll Baker begs forgiveness before
a statue of the Virgin in "The Miracle"





There is serious doubt as to the purpose or the benefit of such a movie; certainly it gives comfort to some very suspect current campaigns and has not met with very favorable response in the State Department. The dangers of atomic destruction need not be understated for a moment; but they are not the only threat we face today. Let us have a forthright, balanced appraisal if we are to use the subject as a foundation for a motion picture "entertainment." This version leaves far too much unsaid, and what it does state is open to serious debate. (United Artists)

The Indians win every skirmish with the cavalry in **YELLOWSTONE KELLY**, a first-rate, widescreen Western starring three small screen personalities. Clint Walker, John Russell, and Edward Byrnes. The script follows some new trails in slanting sympathy for the Sioux tribesmen in their defense against a punitive expedition by the cavalry. Crosscurrents of hatred, sympathy, and arrogance move swiftly against the background splendor of Arizona's mountain terrain. Though familiar fare, this has brisk and effective moments and is mounted on a scale not duplicated by television. The performers master the slight requirements of their roles with ease, if not distinction, in this fast-paced frontier melodrama. (Warner Bros.)

Mario Lanza's vocal chords run the gamut from rock 'n' roll to arias in **FOR THE FIRST TIME**, a pleasing and restrained drama which rates among the tremendous tenor's best movies. His vigor and voice are well reined, thanks to strong direction, and the result should prove acceptable to the Lanza cult. The romance centers around a lovely deaf girl of Capri and the efforts of a temperamental singer to find a cure for her. Handled with sensitivity and a minimum of clichés, the undistinguished story avoids the maudlin. The afflicted girl is played with considerable appeal by Johanna Von Koszian, with Mario's best contribution being in the vocal department. His rendition of Schubert's *Ave Maria*, the concluding aria from *Otello*, and

Vesta la giubba prove that his voice is indeed better than ever. For the stay-at-homes there is a vicarious thrill in the camera tour of Capri, Naples, Rome, Salzburg, Vienna, and Berlin, all radiant in technicolor hues. Among the players in the ensemble are Annie Rosar, (the star of *Embezzled Heaven*), the Gabor with the double name, and Kurt Kasznar. An amiable, light-hearted excursion, this is recommended for Lanza and travel fans alike. (M-G-M)

The Japanese moviemakers have attempted a difficult project in **CHRIST IN BRONZE**, which professes to tell of the Christian persecutions in the Island Kingdom some three centuries ago. Based on a Japanese novel, the plot focuses on a Portuguese missionary who proved less staunch and steadfast in his Faith than those he had ministered to. Under police torture he becomes an informer, but eventually takes his rightful place among the martyrs. A mass crucifixion scene climaxes a study which is absorbing most of the time as it propounds the theory that the early persecution was prompted by fear of Western influence and control, rather than religious hatred. This is a provocative and, in many respects, an excellent production with a primary appeal for the discriminating adult and adolescent. (Harpole)

Mickey Rooney, as a rough and tumble labor leader, is surprisingly good in **THE BIG OPERATOR**, a violent and suspenseful yarn with considerable contemporary interest. Rooney is a vicious and insolent head of a wildcat union under investigation by a Senate Committee and suspicious of two union members opposed to his racketeering. The film opens on a shocking note as a prospective witness in the hearings is tossed alive into a concrete mixer to prevent his appearance. From that point the Paul Gallico story continues in high gear through scenes which alternate between brutality and tension, Fifth Amendment stalling, and mailed-fist tactics. Rooney is in superb form as the blustering, pint-sized front for the mobsters, and his supporting troupe is excellent. (M-G-M)

IT STARTED WITH A KISS is a broad, suggestively stated, comedy set in modern-day Spain, with Debbie Reynolds, Glenn Ford, and the "Car of Tomorrow" as its primary attractions. The mood is racy and the dialogue liberally spiced with double entendre. The story is flimsy, but the cameras have caught some fascinating patches of the Spanish countryside and metropolitan Madrid to plug up the more glaring cavities in the script. Ford and Debbie portray a U.S. serviceman and his bride, who arrive at his new Spanish post with a gaudy car of the future which they won on a quiz program. The resulting complications involve a general, visiting congressmen, Spanish nobility, and a matador. The cast includes a Gabor, Fred Clark, Edgar Buchanan, Gustavo Rojo, and Harry Morgan. This is occasionally amusing, but often gamey in searching for laughs. (M-G-M)

LOOK BACK IN ANGER is the British-made screen version of John Osborne's controversial and bitter play. As in the original, the tone is downbeat, the mood violent, and the dialogue both torrential and confused. It is a drama which aggravates because it never quite develops beyond the sophomoric, and at points where the audience might be inclined to sympathize with the angry young protagonist, he alienates it with a psychopathic display of sullen selfishness. A former college student reduced to pushcart peddling, he unleashes his hatred and humiliation in angry railing against convention and moral standards. At the halfway point, this rebellious and basically weak misfit has lost all claim to sympathy. He is merely a bore.

Richard Burton, Mary Ure, Claire Bloom, Edith Evans, and Gary Raymond are convincing within the limits of Osborne's frenzy. Unusually frank and violent dialogue, plus the fundamentally unattractive nature of the theme, restrict this to adult audiences. (Warner Bros.)

THE MOUSE THAT ROARED is provocative in title and theme. A British-produced political satire, it is lively and humorous in spoofing an incredible international situation. A tiny European Grand Duchy finds itself on the verge of bankruptcy when the United States begins to bottle a cheaper California brand of the Duchy's principal export. A war is declared and the Duchy sends an army of twenty men, armed with bows and arrows. They land in New York at the time an air-raid drill has sent everyone under-cover. The "invaders" succeed in capturing the secret Q Bomb, together with its inventor and the military commander of the area. They win the war, and dictate peace terms which end the competition of California wine, plus a million-dollar loan from the inexhaustible U. S. Treasury. Some scenes are hilarious, the dialogue is witty, and the acting of Peter Sellers (playing a prime minister, a field marshal, and a grand duchess) is in the Alec Guinness class. This is from the top drawer of British satire, and well worth a visit. (Columbia)

THE OREGON TRAIL is in the rugged tradition of the pioneer sagas, with treacherous tribesmen and paleskin traitors alike threatening the intrepid wagoners. This is set in the period when Great Britain and the United States were at loggerheads over the Oregon Territory, with secret emissaries, homesteaders, and a debonair newspaperman sharing the dangers of the trek. Despite the saturation of frontier tales, this measures up satisfactorily. Fred MacMurray, as the reporter out of element, is a convincing pace setter in this virile melodrama. (20th Century-Fox)

THAT KIND OF WOMAN is a sophisticated flashback to the closing days of World War II, centering on the romance of an idealistic young paratrooper and a girl who has long since shelved morals for mink. They meet on a train and, though she tries at first to discourage his attentions, the GI is persistent, as well as smitten. So much so that she

Idealistic Tab Hunter falls in love with sophisticated Sophia Loren in "That Kind of Woman"



finally abandons her penthouse patron and joins the GI in a farewell visit to his family. Though the narrative has a soap opera quality, the dialogue is literate, and it is played with good results by Sophia Loren and Tab Hunter. The background photography of New York's tourist attractions is brilliant in this adult drama. (Paramount)

Teamed for the first time in **PILLOW TALK**, Doris Day and Rock Hudson transform a standard comedy plot into a slick, adult farce, surmounting an idea which is little more than a gimmick. They appear as sophisticated city dwellers, he a songwriting Romeo and she a serious-minded interior decorator, who are forced to share a party-line telephone. Though the situations are stock, clever performances, sprightly dialogue, some bright songs, and glamour gowns by Jean Louis combine to create an impression of freshness and sparkle. Tony Randall, Thelma Ritter, and Mary McCarty contribute to the laugh-content of this adults-only divertisement. (Universal-International)

Playguide

FOR THE FAMILY:

Leave It to Jane; A Majority of One; Much Ado About Nothing; The Music Man; Our Town

FOR ADULTS:

The Boy Friend; Destry Rides Again; The Drunkard; Flower Drum Song; JB; Mark Twain Tonight; My Fair Lady; Once Upon a Mattress; The Pleasure of His Company; A Raisin in the Sun; Redhead (On Tour) The Gazebo; Oklahoma; Say Darling

PARTLY

OBJECTIONABLE:

Billy Barnes Revue; La Plume de Ma Tante; The Young and the Beautiful

COMPLETELY

OBJECTIONABLE:

Gypsy; the Marriage-Go-Round; Sweet Bird of Youth; Threepenny Opera; Two for the Seesaw; The World of Suzie Wong



Rock Hudson holds hands with Julia Meade across a night-club table in "Pillow Talk"



The Decision for Christ

by KILIAN McDONNELL, O. S. B.

PART OF the evangelical Protestant tradition is the "decision for Christ." Devout Protestants sometimes publicly declare themselves for Christ, and this decision for Christ is often made by standing up and walking to the pulpit. This is the external sign of an interior conversion, of personal commitment to Christ as a personal Saviour.

Our Catholic suspicions as to the deep religious value and the permanence of the decisions are aroused by the highly emotional revival atmosphere in which they are often made. But, apart from this, we must admit that they express the profound religious truth: faith is God's call to man which awaits man's decision and answer.

God called Abraham and awaited a decision: "God tested Abraham and so He called him. 'Abraham.' He answered, 'Here I am.' God said, 'Take your son, your only son Isaac, whom you love, and go to the land of Moria, and offer him there as a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I shall point out to you.' Early in the morning Abraham harnessed his ass, took with him two of his servants and his son Isaac, and cut wood for the holocaust. Then he set out on his journey to the place God had indicated."

Faith is a highly personal call. God calls man, not as an anonymous, faceless creature, without a recognizable identity. God knows man and calls him by name: "Abraham." The call awaits the decision and answer: "'Here I am' . . . Abraham harnessed his ass. Then he set out on his journey to the place God had indicated." Abraham's response to God's call is a decision which personally affected his life, his son, his family.

Abraham, man of faith, will believe all that God tells him. But Abraham's response is much more than a decision to accept God's truth as theoretical propositions unrelated to his daily life. There is nothing abstract in God's call to Abraham. The call and the decision, in this case, involved the sacrifice of

that which Abraham held dear above all on earth: his only son Isaac. The greatness of Abraham's sacrifice indicates that the decision is loving, personal, total, for all time.

In the religious life of each man, there comes a moment in which God calls him by name. God calls and awaits man's decision. Perhaps up to the moment of that call and decision he has lived his religious life by habit. He has indeed some loyalties to the Church, but he does not consider them significantly different from the institutional loyalties he feels toward his local lodge. He thinks of his affiliation with the Church as personal only in the vaguest of terms, convenient rather than necessary, satisfying the needs of togetherness rather than a communal bowing down in praise. His membership in the Church is more a matter of heredity than conviction: he was born that way. It is not unlikely that he has never—up to the moment of his decision—thought of his relationship to Christ as personal. Out of indifference rather than malice, it may happen that he has never made a deeply personal act by which he ratified his commitment to Christ. He may never have met Christ in a personal encounter. If so, he has never known Christ.

But, at some time in his life, early or late, out of the faith he has always had, he will hear the call of God. This call will not be heard with the ears; there will be no visions or ecstasies. Rather it will be a simple encounter with Christ, a meeting of Person with person in which the Catholic understands as he has never understood before that Christ awaits his decision.

Just what this decision immediately entails, the Catholic does not know. Perhaps it is a more complete giving of oneself to the family, less concern for luxuries and status symbols, or more active engagement in apostolic work. Without doubt, it will mean a more intensive prayer program: daily meditation and spiritual reading; if possible,

daily Mass. And with surprising clarity the Catholic knows that his commitment to Christ is loving, personal, total, for all time.

The decision for Christ which the Catholic makes is, for all its similarities, quite unlike that which the Protestant makes. The Protestant can make a decision for Christ in isolation from any established visible church, even in opposition to a church. For the Protestant the decision can be purely personal.

This is radically impossible for the Catholic. His decision, too, is highly personal. But his decision for Christ cannot be outside, above, or in opposition to the Church. The religious decision is the adherence of a person to a Person. But for the Catholic the Church is Christ extended down the centuries. His adherence to the Person of Christ is adherence to the Church. The decision for Christ is always a decision for the Church. The two are inseparable.

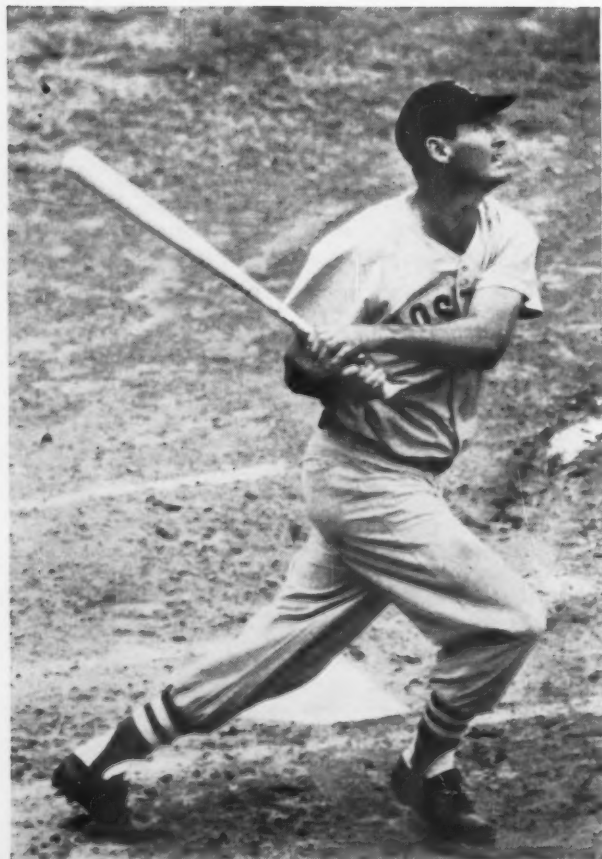
THE decision of the Catholic is more than adherence to a body of dogmas which the Church proposes. The Church is truth. She is also life. The Church, said Pius XII, is "much more than an ideological system . . . she is truly a living organism." The decision of the Catholic is the dedication to live his life within this living organism, to further its growth, to strengthen its members, to partake of its apostolate.

The adherence to the Church is for the Catholic the best guarantee that his decision will never degenerate into vague sentimentalities and emotionalism. The Church promotes and safeguards the personal contact with Christ. The sacraments are the meeting of man and Christ, the encounter of God with man. In baptism, the Catholic is clothed from within with Christ's life. In the Eucharist he touches and tastes and sees. He holds the signs of Christ's death and offers it up to the Father. Here the decision for Christ receives its ultimate strength.

Strikeout Against Time

Old ball players don't
fade away; they have to be
pushed out of the park

by RED SMITH



UPI PHOTOS

We're seeing the last of Stan Musial, above, and Ted Williams, who have stirred fans' emotions for many a season

Mr. Birdie Tebbetts, the distinguished philosopher, after-dinner orator, insurance counselor, and baseball executive, divides all professional ball players into two classifications.

In one group, the larger, are the strugglers of limited ability who bring to the craft comparatively few physical gifts but are richly endowed with desire, resolution, and hope. Mr. Tebbetts himself was one of these. For fifteen years he sweated in the armor of a big league catcher, toiling, striving, scheming for that occasional season when he might bat .290 and perhaps, when he got back home in Nashua, N.H., that winter, hear one neighbor remark, "Hey, had a pretty good year, didn't you?" Often the struggle seemed hopeless, but as the sire of a growing family Mr. Tebbetts couldn't give up. "All the money I ever had," he has said, "was what I saved sliding into second base."

In the other group are those blessed at birth with such effortless skill that they need only wrap their shanks in flannel rompers and it is taken for

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granted that they'll hit .325 and bat in 100 runs.

"Those guys," Mr. Tebbetts says, "have no real idea what baseball is like. They go through a whole career thinking it's easy until finally they have one year when they can't get the kinks out and they hit only .300. 'The game isn't fun any more,' they say, and they retire.

"They don't realize that that one year of aches and strawberry bruises and futility is all the rest of us have known all our lives."

IT WAS several years ago that Mr. Tebbetts offered these observations. They were recalled again and again during the season now ending when names like Stan Musial, Ted Williams, Enos Slaughter, Gene Woodling, Marv Grissom, Early Wynn, Warren Spahn, and Gerry Staley made headlines.

This was a summer made noteworthy by the old gaffers, by some because they seemed to have the calendar whipped and by others because they were so obviously losing the decision to time.

Among the losers, two commanded the widest interest and stirred the liveliest emotions—Stan Musial, the most accomplished ball player of his time and one of the most warmly admired, and Ted Williams, the greatest hitter of his age and one of the most controversial personalities.

For both, the shadows grew long, yet unlike the fading star of Birdie Tebbetts' lecture, neither was ready to give up. With a few exceptions like Joe DiMaggio, ball players cling to a job in the major leagues as the old and infirm cling to life. They refuse to jump; they have to be pushed.

In August the St. Louis Cardinals, sunk in the second division and scouring around for young talent, announced that Musial would be benched for the remainder of the season, except for assignments as a pinch-batter. He is nearing his thirty-ninth birthday. After sixteen seasons in which his lowest average was .310, he was hitting .257.

He was reminded that he had once said he would quit if he ever fell below .300 for a season. He agreed wryly, observing that a fellow sure could say some silly things at times. No indeed, he wasn't going to quit and he didn't feel that he was through.

"I got off to a bad start," he said, "and I'd just as soon forget the whole year."

"Stan Musial will never be traded or sold," said Gussie Busch, the Cardinals' malty proprietor, denying reports that the great man would be swapped to the Yankees.

At the same time, Williams was hitting .236 for the Red Sox. Billy Jurges, the Boston manager, was playing him only against right-handed pitchers. Ted is in his forty-second year. In seventeen seasons with the Red Sox, his average has ranged from a low of .317 to a high of .406.

Was Williams ready to concede that the end had come?

"When they start throwing the fast ball past me and I don't know why," he said, "I think I'll know enough to quit. They're not throwing it past me yet."

"I'm still hitting the fast one," Musial said. "It's the curves and the soft stuff that give me trouble."

Musial believes that he didn't work hard enough to get fit in the spring. Williams is convinced he worked too hard.

When Musial started the season of 1958, his mind was fixed on an immediate goal. He needed forty-three hits to achieve a lifetime total of 3,000, a figure reached by only seven others since man learned to walk on his hind legs. On May 13, almost two weeks ahead of the schedule he had set for himself, he made it. The forty-third hit came on his eighty-eighth time at bat, giving him an average of .489.

In spite of his gaudy start, the Cardinals had a dismal beginning, losing ten of their first thirteen games. Nobody had to tell Musial that his presence in the batting order was indispensable. He abandoned his plan to spare himself by sitting out an occasional game, especially the second game of double-headers, and although he finished the season batting .337 there were days when he felt his age keenly.

With the consent of Solly Hemus, the St. Louis manager, Stan played only when he felt like it in St. Pete and didn't accompany the team when it played elsewhere.

Williams, on the contrary, was as fit last spring as he ever was before. He had the mistaken notion that it would be difficult to sweat off winter weight in Scottsdale, Ariz., where the Red Sox were to train after many years in Sarasota, Fla., so when he wasn't fishing in Florida or Caribbean waters he was playing tennis.

Within two weeks of his arrival in Scottsdale he was ready to open the season. Then he got a crick in the neck. For more than a month he went around wearing a horse collar and taking treatments for a pinched nerve. The season was six weeks old before he could play, and by that time he was in seedy shape. An old lady wearing glasses could have struck him out.

If Musial had worked harder, he

might have got off to a better start. If Williams hadn't overdone, ditto. The fact is, though, both are suffering from an incurable ailment, a disease that caught up with Adam and will ultimately catch up with Musial's son, Dick, a young man who can run fast but not so swiftly as the sands in the glass.

We are seeing the last of these two. When they are gone, a great big glob of color and pleasure and excitement will be lost, but there will be vivid memories. Nobody who ever saw him will forget the sight of Williams at the plate, erect but relaxed, the epitome of contained, controlled power.

There'll be so many memories, going all the way back to 1938 when Ted was making his first trip to a Red Sox training camp. Al Horwits, then a Philadelphia baseball writer, caught a train carrying Williams and several other players to Florida.

"They've got some pretty good whackers with the Red Sox," Horwits told the rookie from San Diego. "Wait'll you see Jimmy Foxx hit a ball."

Ted stared out the window. The train was rolling east through Louisiana, over the marshes near Lake Ponchartrain.

"Wait'll Foxx sees me hit," he said.

We'll remember Musial, too. He has been described as a colorless guy, wearing the all-over cast of perfection, unspectacular, uncontroversial, and unexciting, a gentleman of manners and even temperament who never sulks, spits, or savages sportswriters.

The words are true and the description false, for there never was a more gripping sight in sports than the spectacle of Musial in his knee-sprung crouch at the plate, bat cocked, narrowed eyes measuring the pitcher over his right shoulder the way a dead-end kid might peek around the corner at the cop on the beat.

THERE WAS a night in the Polo Grounds, back when baseball was played in the Polo Grounds. It was a soft and lovely evening, with a big yellow moon hanging over the right field stands. A lady who grew up in St. Louis, a dedicated Cardinal fan, was sitting in a box behind the visitor's dugout.

When Musial stepped over to the bat-rack, he was so close she could have reached out and almost touched him. She sat there rooting for the Cardinals and saw him hit two home runs right up into the grinning face of that big yellow moon—both of them for her, she was sure. The Cardinals won, 2 to 0.

The lady glowed like a crepe suzette. "I," she said, "am the luckiest girl in the world."

by Aloysius McDonough, C.P.

THE SIGNPOST

Hour of Decision

Am a convert and am planning marriage with a Lutheran. If we marry outside the Church, my parents can't attend. If we marry within the Church, his father will attend—his mother won't. Won't it suffice if we baptize our children, then let them choose their own religion, later on—provided they believe in God?—S. S., NATIONAL CITY, CALIF.



You and your fiancé are facing an hour of decision fraught with lifelong consequences. The solution you wishfully think of is out of the question. There would be problem enough if you had to consider only the reaction of your prospective mother-in-law. It will not suffice that your fiancé is as willing as you that the children be baptized. A Catholic baptism would be a contradiction if you deliberately intend not to follow through with an overall Catholic education. Nor is it sufficient that your children merely believe in God—if that were the case, Christ would not have founded Christianity.

Your fiancé's honest reluctance to sign the promises should alert you to the pitfalls ahead. We fear that your own faith must be weak, else you would not hope for an impossible compromise. It seems very doubtful that your prospective husband will sign the essential promises, without which you cannot obtain a dispensation for a mixed marriage. If you marry outside the Church, you jeopardize your own salvation and that of your children. Unless there be a sincere about-face on the part of your fiancé, then, obviously, he is not the man for you.

Prudence: Scandal

A young couple, both Catholics, married before a Justice of the Peace. The girl is now pregnant. May the marriage be rectified before the altar?—A. H., CLINTON, CONN.

In the case you outline, the marriage may be validated before the altar, even at a nuptial Mass. However, there is a problem calling for the prudent avoidance of scandal—aside from any consideration of embarrassment to the bride, groom, or parents. It is best that any such case be referred to the pastor or to the bishop's office for decision. The validation might be permitted before the altar, with or without a nuptial Mass—but privately.

St. Zita

In my business, it is important that I obtain a picture or statue of St. Zita who, I presume, is the patroness of cooks. Have combed the religious stores in vain.—C. R., N. TONAWANDA, N.Y.

As far as we know, the patroness of cooks is St. Martha, whose feast is celebrated on July 29. St. Zita's feast occurs on April 27. For further help, apply to the Sisters in charge of St. Zita's Residence for Girls, 141 W. 14 St., New York 11, N.Y.

Not Free

In a Catholic church, an unbaptized non-Catholic man married a Catholic girl. She since divorced him. Can he marry another Catholic girl?—D. F., ST. CLAIR SHORES, MICH.

Since the marriage was witnessed by a priest, they must have had a dispensation from the impediment of disparity of cult. Therefore, the marriage was valid. Hence, he is not free to remarry.

Mission Training

Am a partially trained nurse. Can I work in a foreign mission as a nurse without further training?—M. P., PITTSFIELD, MASS.

That will depend upon the decision of the superiors of the community to which you apply for admission. Their decision will depend upon your present capabilities, the urgency of their needs, and so on. Don't hesitate to inquire.

Bravo!

My daughter is the butt of amusement on the part of college chums. She failed to obtain summer employment because she refused to lie about seeking only temporary employment. Was she overly strict?—J. K., MONTREAL, P. Q., CANADA.

By no means. When confronted by a direct question as to her intentions, your daughter had no moral choice but to tell the truth. Her classmates undoubtedly are good Catholics—but, . . .

Final Vows

I have heard that Sisters and Brothers who leave a religious community after taking final vows are free to marry. I thought final vows were binding for life.—M. McG., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Reasons can and do arise, presumably unforeseen, which justify the dismissal of the member by the community, or his or her voluntary withdrawal from the community. The Holy See, which has authority to permit and receive vows, has also the authority to dispense vows. When vows are legitimately dispensed, the religious reverts to the secular state and, other things being equal, is free to marry.

United Front

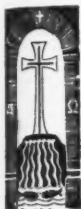
I was unable to explain to my non-Catholic niece how the Church justifies the objectionable features of a play we attended.—J. C., WASHINGTON, D. C.

When *Death of a Salesman* was adapted as a screen play, the original script was revised at the insistence of Gene Lockhart. The movie was rated A-2—unobjectionable for adults and adolescents. Not so, however, the original stage play. If the presentation attended by you and your niece

followed the original script, there is no excuse for the Catholic group responsible. Their sponsorship does not make them spokesmen for the Church, nor does it follow that the Church justifies objectionable plays of any sort. For the success of decency campaigns, as individuals and as groups, we should present a united front.

Human Mystery

Am a convert. Many laymen, educated and uneducated, recognize the Catholic Church as the one, true Church of Christ. Why not also non-Catholic ministers, who have been to college and studied theology?—J. S., LANSING, MICH.



You are endeavoring to solve one of the major mysteries of the human family. No wonder that you inquire further: Don't they believe the Bible? Where is the unity that Christ said would characterize His Church? Don't they study church history? When the truth is staring them in the face, why can't they see it?

First of all, we must realize that faith is an out-and-out gift of God. It is something supernatural—beyond the reach of human reason, unless and until human reason is aided divinely. "So, then, it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy." (Romans 9:16) On the basis of his own experience as a convert, the scholarly Cardinal Newman testified to the essential need for the divine impulse called the grace of God. Arguments or motives for belief, no matter how appealing and cogent, do not suffice. Arguments for belief no more compel us to believe than moral arguments force us to obey.

We can reasonably assume that it is God's will that all men come to know and embrace the one, true Faith. He came from heaven "for us and for our salvation." He said: "Upon this rock (Peter) I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." (Matt. 16:18) And again: "Other sheep I have that are not of this fold: them also I must bring and they shall hear My voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." (Matt. 10:16) Obviously, outside His Church, we should not expect unity. As a matter of fact, none but the Catholic Church can boast of a consistent, harmonious unity of faith, morals, worship, and discipline.

Although the salvation of all men is the will of the Almighty, He also wills that this end result should come about through the instrumentality of creatures. He endows parents with the power to procreate children; He delegates to them and to others the responsibilities of education; to rulers, the obligation to maintain justice and civil order. As God, He could control the doings of men more directly. But having made us intelligent and free, He does not hamper that freedom. The very ones who criticize the Almighty for leaving so much to the whims of man would be the first to resent His further intervention as interference. His indispensable help is available to us, but it is up to us to make it our own intelligently, freely, honestly. When men fail to do so, whether through spiritual laziness, or prejudice, or dishonesty, it is they who fail themselves—and others dependent upon them.

Many non-Catholic Christians think they believe the Bible, despite the fact that faith is incompatible with so-called private interpretation. The Bible does not always "speak for itself." It needs interpretation, clarification. But unless the interpreter is infallibly reliable, we continue to be uncertain as to the mind of God. Intelligent men want infallible certainty, not fallible speculation. Private interpretation has splintered Protestants from Catholics, it has

fragmentized Protestants into hundreds of sects—even to the point where every man can be his own "church." As a convert, you realize that the Scriptures are only a part of divine Revelation. We need Tradition also. The equality between these two sources of divine information is clear from the Scriptures: "Therefore, brethren, stand fast and hold the traditions which you have learned, whether by word, or by our epistle." (2 Thess. 2:14) "And the things which thou hast heard . . . by many witnesses, the same commend to faithful men, who shall be fit to teach others also." (2 Tim. 2:2) Tradition, too, needs infallible interpretation. It is absurd to suppose that Divine Providence would leave us without an assistance so necessary for the preservation of the true Faith.

Logically, private interpretation reduces the Word of God to the "word of man," exemplified by the countless variations of faith, morals, and worship so typical of Protestant Christianity. Theology is defined as the science which treats of God, and of creatures inasmuch as they are related to Him, in the light of Revelation and reason. Extinguish or dim the light of Revelation, and theology becomes a hodgepodge. Garbled Revelation begets nothing better than an ersatz theology and occasions the distortion of history.

Not a few ministers see the truth "staring them in the face" but hesitate to take the logical step for financial reasons. They have families to support but are untrained for any secular means of livelihood. To extend financial assistance to convert ministers is one of the purposes of the St. Paul Guild. To conclude—your perplexity is understandable, but the problem is ramified and the solution anything but simple.

Dispensation

Since the Church does not allow marriage between a Catholic and an unbaptized person, how come a marriage I just attended, between a Catholic and a Jew, witnessed by a priest?—H. P., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"The Church everywhere most severely forbids the contracting of marriage even between two baptized persons, of whom one is a Catholic, the other a member of a heretical or schismatical sect; and, if there is danger of perversion for the Catholic party and the children, the marriage is forbidden also by the divine law itself." (Canon 1060) What has just been quoted from Church Law applies all the more so to marriage between a Catholic and a person who is not even baptized.

In everyday language, any marriage between a Catholic and a non-Catholic is referred to as a mixed marriage. But in terms of Canon Law, a mixed marriage is one between a Catholic and a validly baptized non-Catholic. The impediment, from which a dispensation must be obtained, is known as the impediment of mixed religion. But if the non-Catholic party is unbaptized, the impediment is known as that of disparity of cult.

The Church dispenses from the above impediments with the utmost reluctance and only under the following conditions: a just and grave reason; the non-Catholic party must guarantee in writing to remove from the Catholic party danger of perversion; both parties must guarantee the baptism and education of all children in the Catholic Faith alone. This conservative policy of the Church is based upon our conviction that the Catholic Church only is the one, true Church, and upon the importance of our Faith as our most prized possession. Hence, any marriage concessions which involve a deviation from the ideal and normal must be protected with precautionary guarantees. In the case cited, apparently there was a dispensation given.



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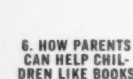
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BOOK REVIEWS

THE CARDINAL STRITCH STORY

By Marie Cecilia Buehrle. 197 pages. Bruce. \$3.95

The Poles maintained that he was Polish, the Germans believed him a German, and the Irish *knew* that he was Irish. So everyone was happy. When they did learn the truth, everybody loved Cardinal Stritch by M. C. Buehrle that time anyway and nationality was unimportant. This biography of the late great prelate is a capsule version, but its brevity does not hide the magnitude of the holy man's impact on America and the world. Few men have done so many jobs so well. Samuel Stritch, the second youngest in a family of eight children, was ordained at the North American College in Rome at the age of twenty-two with the special dispensation of Pius X. At twenty-nine he was chancellor of the Nashville, Tennessee, diocese, superintendent of schools, and pastor of the Cathedral.

At thirty-four, Father Stritch became the youngest member of the American hierarchy when he was named Bishop of Toledo, Ohio. At forty-three, he was Archbishop of Milwaukee. When he received the red hat from the Holy Father in 1946, he had acquired international stature. The crowning glory of his career was attained in 1959, when he was appointed to the new post of pro-prefect of the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, the first American to become a member of the Roman Curia. He died in the Eternal City before he could assume his duties.

Samuel Cardinal Stritch was known as a progressive churchman, sympathetic toward labor and the aspirations of the Negro people. He preferred the title "Bishop of the Poor." He often expressed his philosophy: "If you have two pennies, one belongs to the poor." As Chairman of Catholic War Relief during World War II, Cardinal Stritch, then Archbishop of the huge Chicago diocese, raised \$110 million for fifty-four countries.

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correspondent of the New York Times, it tells the dramatic story of how the Senate performs its task to "advise and consent" in the selection of presidential cabinet nominees.

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H. Daniel-Rops

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Professional historians, however, may not be so enthusiastic. The deliberate mistranslation of the title (the French edition is called *L'Eglise des Temps Barbares*) may have a richer meaning for a larger audience, but it hardly describes the era covered by the volume. It is a case of stretching a bad thing too far. Perhaps more questionable is an undue emphasis on the Church as a mold of civilization, as against the Church as a means of union with Christ, primarily a religious organism.

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Daniel-Rops would not have it thus, but this volume could have been better in its balance.

There are a few maps, a bibliography revised for English readers, and a good index. The footnotes are few and mostly cross references. The price seems a bit out of line for a book that, although it reads well as a unit, is really a part of a whole set. This is volume two. Volume three was translated two years ago under the title *Cathedral and Crusade*.

JOHN J. KIRVAN, C.S.P.

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE

By Morris L. West. 319 pages.
Morrow. \$3.95

A confused and disturbing novel about which either complete recommendation or disapproval must be tempered. Mauriac and Bernanos in France, Greene and Waugh in England, have probed latterly into Catholic philosophy and have even ventured somewhat into the theological field. Unfortunately their successes, social and financial, seem to be drawing into that genre lesser novelists who venture where even an accepted lay theologian like Dr. Frank Sheed would fear to tread.

West is a "popular" novelist of the emotional and ultradramatic school. He has not the validity, whether he is himself Catholic or non-Catholic, of the writers I have listed in whose path he, in this book, seeks to follow.

Monsignor Blaise Meredith, a cold, reserved man, is sent from Rome as *advocatus diaboli* to investigate the case for possible beatification of a certain Giacomo Nerone in Calabria. In a sense, it is hoped that this severe man may be brought closer to the people and thus closer to God. The group, bound by ties to Nerone, he finds a mixed lot; mixed and dubious. The writer reaches out for sensationalism here.

In the end, Nerone's canonical status as a Servant of God does not hold water. West tries to show that there is in him, however, a sanctity beyond dogma and canon. The cold Monsignor is made to accept the feeling that in love of neighbor there is a meaning in life above rigorous Church standards of holiness. Here is a novel about which this reviewer has honest and grave reservations.

DORAN HURLEY.

THE STRUCTURES OF NATIONS AND EMPIRES

By Reinhold Niebuhr. 306 pages.
Scribner's. \$5.00

The occasion of this study is the present conflict between the Soviet Union and the United States. The author has

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no easy solution. In his judgment, our greatest danger arises from our inability to place the struggle in its proper context in the historical development of nations and empires. We are inclined to oversimplified, moralistic solutions because we do not see the real nature of the problem. We have not learned from the political experience of the past.

To remedy this situation, Reinhold Niebuhr wishes to give us a clear presentation of the inner form and outer relations of national, trans-national, and universal forms of political life and their order of development for the past 2500 years—since the Persian Empire of Darius.

Much of this work is valuable. It sets the problems of the political order in a new context which is quite instructive and which deserves further attention. The difficulty we find in this work, as in all of Niebuhr's works, is a basic pessimism concerning man and all the works of man. He remains strictly secular in his analysis of the social order. He is skeptical of all efforts to unite the spiritual with the secular. To him they are naturally detrimental rather than naturally helpful to each other.

Considering the political distortions of spiritual forces in the past, the position of Niebuhr appears to be more than justified. Yet this remains a one-sided attitude and it does not allow for the basic fact that social order arises from, and is sustained by, spiritual ideals. These ideals in narrow-minded men have in the past led to a destructive fanaticism which has wrought as much agony and injustice to mankind as any force known to man. Yet the answer is not to disassociate the spiritual and the secular orders but to attain a wider and more balanced view of both and to seek diligently for that universal spiritual wisdom that will sustain an ordered society of mankind on a universal scale. This wisdom is at present the hidden treasure of the West. We need only bring it forth, declare it, and act according to its guidance. We can agree with Niebuhr that the results will always be imperfect. Yet our efforts will at least have a proper sense of direction and that measure of achievement that is proper to man in our mortal condition.

THOMAS BERRY, C.P.

TALL SHORT STORIES

Ed. by Eric Duthie. 406 pages.
Simon & Schuster. \$5.00

From the time of Baron Karl Friedrich Munchausen, tall tales (improbable stories) are generally recognized as following the pattern he set. The American folk traditions of Paul Bunyan and Mike Fink are in the Munchausen



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mold, although Fionn MacCumhal may well have been the earliest progenitor of both.

Eric Duthie finds the baron "a silly old bore" and as boresome the fabled antics of Bunyan. So the tall short stories in this book are definitely not folk lore. Instead, they are stories, above and beyond reason, on a highly literate, and sometimes literary, plane by practiced modern writers. The dedication of the collection to the late Lord Dunsany sets the key for it. You may expect "Saki"; and you find the famous story, "The Open Window." Here, too, are James Thurber and Max Beerbohm, G. K. Chesterton and S. J. Perelman, Stephen Leacock and Hilaire Belloc, not always at their best but in the mood usually of the incredible made probable.

"Pigs is Pigs" is now an old expression; it is a delight to find what the 1906 story by Ellis Parker Butler was really all about. A joy, too, is Frank Sullivan's "Quigley 873" set by the shores of that wondrously imagined Lake Wassamattawichez in New Hampshire.

This is a book to be picked up and savored at odd times. The change in writing styles is too marked for a steady diet. Oddly, the science-fictionists included stack up less impressively than some of their tongue-in-cheek writing brethren.

DORAN HURLEY.

THE FROZEN REVOLUTION

By Frank Gibney. 288 pages.
Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. \$4.75

It is probably a highly-dangerous pursuit to suggest that an Irishman is the best popular interpreter of Gomulka's Poland. Yet *The Frozen Revolution: a study in Communist decay* turns out to be just such a work. Gibney, a Time-Life writer, has a powerful, almost poetic, pen, which he combines effectively with a mind steeped in historic and cultural appreciations.

Following a 1958 trip to Poland, Gibney did his homework on Polish history and society, with the result that his book far outshadows other recent Polish studies such as Flora Lewis' *A Case Study of Hope*.

Gibney stands out because he understands the basic, unique, and almost fanatic relation between Catholicism and Polish nationalism. "The Church," he reports, "remains the great rallying point for the submerged nation. Like the Church in Ireland, it grew impressive in the leanness of its strength."



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Having grasped the essence and influence of traditional Polish religious and patriotic fervor, the author is well equipped to explain fully and in perspective the highly complex and intricate shadings of Communist rule and intrigue.

Gibney concentrates on Gomulka, whom he favors as the only alternative to disaster; the intellectual ferment of Poland's secularist writers and poets, which he views with sympathetic insight; the Nazi slaughter of Poland, baring his evident anti-German feelings; and the Catholic Church, the treatment of which is by far the most moving and fascinating in a totally lively and penetrating report.

ROBERT FINLEY DELANEY.

THE AGE OF MARTYRS

By Giuseppe Ricciotti. 314 pages.
Bruce. \$4.95

An awesome timeliness overshadows this latest work of Father Ricciotti. The interrogations and tortures of the fourth century's "Great Persecution" sound familiar and even somewhat tame to an audience today whose daily newspapers carry reports of a persecution far more savage and insidious.

Father Ricciotti enjoys an enviable reputation for making religious history readable, while at the same time sacrificing little if anything of scholarly integrity. In the present work, he essays an intelligent survey and evaluation of a period little known to the layman and little appreciated by the cleric or religious whose familiarity with it is limited to the daily readings from the colorful, if somewhat imaginative, accounts in the *Roman Martyrology*.

According to Father Ricciotti's interpretation, the traditional villain Diocletian emerges a somewhat more benevolent figure than tradition had painted him. It was Diocletian's lieutenant, the violently anti-Christian Galerius, who tricked and cajoled the emperor into launching the bitter attack. It was not until Diocletian saw the persecution as a necessary political expedient that he was willing to publish the edict which precipitated the fearful purge of Christians in the Roman Empire.

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ALBERT D. MOSER, C.S.P.



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the New Deal. Along
with his New Deal
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appears also to have
been a distant relative
of many Re-
publicans who have
campaigns against
the New Deal, its
works and pomps.
For the amazing
genius of Keynes is
that his central
economic philosophy
is generally accepted
by conservatives
and liberals alike,
Hazlitt and a few
others dissenting.



H. Hazlitt

Keynes was disillusioned
regarding older
economic theories,
since they seemed
to offer no workable
solution to the key
problem of his day:
devastating depres-
sions and prolonged
unemployment. He
felt that they failed
to see the forest for
the trees. They
were concerned with
minute analyses of
the factors affecting
individual business
men and workers.
But they failed to
note the broad
economic streams
that controlled these
factors.

Lord Keynes might
have used the com-
parison of flood. Each
person caught in a
flood is rightly con-
cerned about the
safety of his own
boat or plank. He
worries about his
ability to swim. But
he fails to see how
his individual ac-
tions have been
deeply affected by
the mighty sweep of
the waters. Maybe
he should have
taken steps to have
prevented this
flood. In trying to
protect his own
property, maybe
he has caused
untold damage to
the property of
many others.

The Keynesian
approach to econ-
omics, and espe-
cially to depres-
sions, sought to
explain the deeper
causes of the
plight of the in-
dividual. Keynes
was concerned
with flows of in-
come, broad
decisions about
investment, and
action by public
authority to con-
trol these mighty
forces, regardless
of how in-
dividual owners,
investors, and
workers might
decide in their
own situations.

Today, this concept
has captured the
imagination of
most economists,
with the result
that Keynes is
firmly entrenched,
not only in terms
of current thought,
but also in terms
of government
policy. Even the
present Republi-
can Administration
used a Keynesian
approach in 1955.
Some of its lead-
ing members
urged a similar
tactic in 1958.

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task facing Hazlitt
is formidable. First,
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Keynes and prove
that he is, at best,
an indifferent
economist. This he
attempts with
infinite detail and

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put it in, who to send it to.

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able success. Next, he must attack not only the real Keynes but the various "national-income" approaches of present-day economists who acknowledge Keynesian inspiration but who are not necessarily literal followers of the master.

This is a more difficult task, since each depression or recession has its unique features. It would be easy to argue that the 1958 recession was caused by softness in the economic system and that the remedy was the hard discipline of cost control and work. Certainly, the economists who are preoccupied with income flows and neglect causes of decline need criticism. But to swing to the other extreme and hold that every economic blemish must be corrected only by the harsh controls of supply and demand is socially and politically unrealistic. I doubt that it is good economics.

Hazlitt has written a useful and needed book. He has thoroughly dissected Keynes. But, though Keynes' body may lie moldering in the dust, "his spirit goes marching on."

REV. JOHN F. CRONIN, S.S.

CUBA: ISLAND OF PARADOX

By R. Hart Phillips. 435 pages.
McDowell, Obolensky. \$4.95

Ruby Hart Phillips, from Oklahoma, Texas, and New Mexico, has lived in Cuba since the 1920's. She has collected and reported the island's news for the *New York Times* since 1931, first as her husband's helper, then, from 1937, as staff correspondent.

Among her colleagues, Mrs. Phillips has long enjoyed a reputation for thoroughness, accuracy, and objectivity. Her book enhances that reputation. Written in the documentary style of the good, gray *Times*, where one wades through a column of circumstances to locate a fact, it finally rewards the reader (as the *Times* itself often does) by clothing the facts in perspective.

This is no thesis book. Its author is far from enraptured with Cuba. After thirty years, she still sees it through midwestern eyes. Southern prejudices sneak past her guard in a phrase like "the uneducated natives of Cuba" (p. 105) and in frequent references to Negroes and mulattoes in contexts in which racial identification would never occur to a Latin.

But she does report facts that speak for themselves, as in the blow-by-blow account of the Machado dictatorship and its overthrow in 1933, fascinating for its similarities to and difference from the events of the past twelve months.

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Even if these abuses had ended in 1933, which they did not, they would remain important in 1959. If Mrs. Phillips offers no easy cure for Cuba's ills, she does a service by underscoring their complexity, by illuminating the reasons for the disorder, demoralization, and poverty of our neighbors, and by stressing the need for our patience and sympathetic co-operation in the social revolution without which improvement is impossible.

GARY MACEOIN.

THE AFL FROM THE DEATH OF GOMPERS TO THE MERGER

By Philip Taft.
Harper.

499 pages.
\$7.50

This work by one of America's leading labor historians is the concluding volume of his earlier *The AFL in the Time of Gompers*. Professor Taft, who is Chairman of the Department of Economics at Brown University, has written numerous books and articles on labor and labor history. This one maintains his usual, expected, high standard of scholarship. It was written with full co-operation of AFL officials.

While the book is intended simply to be the story of the AFL from the early 1920's to date, it cannot help being an important contribution to the history of the U.S. trade union movement as well. It traces union problems during the twenties due for the most part to vigorous antiunionism and corporate paternalism. The Great Depression brought a revolution in union thinking as in most other phases of U.S. life. The old AFL policy of voluntarism, which led it to distrust a government-sponsored program of unemployment insurance, had to be modified in face of the unprecedented mass unemployment.

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workers, international relations, jurisdictional disputes, and other AFL internal problems. Finally the story of the merger is told, which will be of great interest to many readers.

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DORIS DUFFY BOYLE.

AMERICAN CATHOLIC CROSSROADS

By Walter J. Ong, S.J. 160 pages.
Macmillan. \$3.50

In his preface to this volume of six essays, Father Ong observes that the historical perspective of St. Augustine is fixed on the Redemption of man without its relation "to the entire cosmos." In fact, he states, St. Augustine "shies away from the natural world itself," in contrast to the approach of St. Paul and most of the Greek Fathers of the Church, who view Redemption as the "eager longing of creation."

This Augustinian heritage, he maintains, has strongly influenced both Catholic and Protestant thought in the United States until recently, when the development of a trend toward an expanding view of the universe has made strong impact upon the truths of revelation. Father Ong now emphasizes the importance of viewing the Incarnation and Redemption against the gradual development and preparation of mankind for thousands upon thousands of years. He recognizes the interaction of revealed truth with the various secular branches of learning. He points out that the great challenge to American Catholic research and education today is to face the facts which the physical sciences have unearthed and will discover in the expanding universe and to assist the Church to use them intelligently "to exploit her store of revelation."

American Catholic universities and colleges, he notes, represent a direct, large-scale effort in higher education "such as the Catholic Church has never attempted in the past or elsewhere in the present." While a number of practical considerations, basically the preservation of the faith, are responsible for and justify this venture, its ultimate driving motive, whether represented in clergy or laity, is that of witness to the truth and fulfillment of the Church's mission as the Mystical Body of Christ in all forms of human activity. This applies not only to the sacred sciences but also to the secular branches of learning, from anthropology, the humanities, and the social



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A rather heavy style, combined with profundity of thought and matter, does not ease this book for popular reading. But for the serious thinker, concerned in the role of the Church today vis-a-vis scientific and historical development, Father Ong offers much for fruitful reflection.

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tional Calvinist refuge of sinners. Kenneth's uncle refused the boy's request to continue his studies, despite his admirable record of scholarship.

He went into the "Bank," which, as Stevenson sardonically implied, is the Scottish bourgeoisie's substitute for the Church. He did well, in worldly terms. He contributed to *The Yellow Book*, became a fashionable writer and rich banker. He married and the marriage was serene; it might have been blissfully happy had there been a large family. But the first and only child was a weakling upon whom the father and mother heaped too much love.

But this is not a book that harrows with violent tales; it is a story of an aspirant to God whose soul was eroded by life in a spiritually arid era and place. Mr. Green, who admits, as many might, his indebtedness to Grahame and his affection for the man, massively documents his story and composes a workmanlike portrait. His hero gave a classic to children, a story they love. The world gave him wealth. But it did not give him what he and all men desire.

W. J. IGOE.

WHAT IS THE STARS?

By Arthur J. Roth. 298 pages.
Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. \$3.95

Presented as a novel, this is truly only a series of linked, short-story episodes in a farcical vein about a company in the Ordnance Corps of the present Irish Army. Mr. Roth has taken characters who owe their ancestry to Lover and Lever, those almost forgotten caricaturists of the Irish people of an older day, and surprisingly set them in the milieu of Kipling's barracks tale. It is a strange combination.

There may be those who will resent the small but honest Irish Army being held up to ridicule by these picaresque tales about clearly inventive soldiers in it. But such incidents do not really compromise a great army's integrity. On the whole, the humor is harmless, although it is contrived and never springs naturally. Knave O'Hanlon, a rogue, conspires against the adjutant, the feckless and scorned Lieutenant Pettigo, and uses as his instrument the innocent *omadhaun*, Slater McGurk, whose ancestor surely was the once-famous "Handy Andy." In one instance (O'Hanlon's insistence that McGurk, for the records, change his religion from Catholic to atheist), Mr. Roth's taste drops low.

But the book is buffoonery and should be read so; ribaldry rather than reality. The writer evidently has more of an eye on Hollywood and the later Barry Fitzgerald than on the Abbey Theater.

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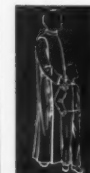


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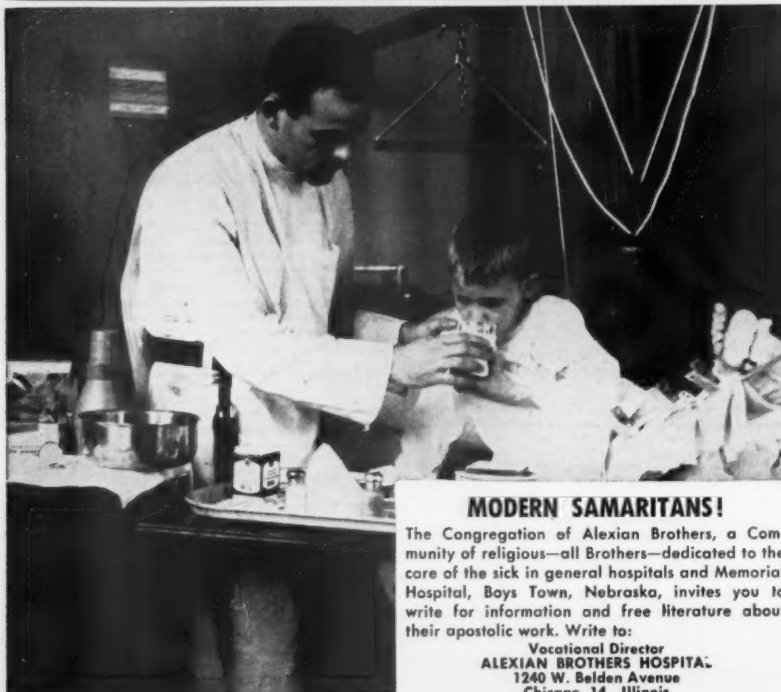
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MY STRUGGLE WITH RACE PREJUDICE

(Continued from page 19)

plot. He spread the Negroes out through the ship's company again in conformity with Navy policy.

Some time later, I was assigned to prosecute a court-martial case involving a Negro. After the trial, which found the man guilty of a minor offense, one of the ship's officers, thinking to compliment me on the outcome of the case, started talking about some instances of Negro unreliability he had experienced. Though he knew I was a Catholic, in the expansiveness of his mood he forgot and came out with: "Where I come from, all the Niggers and Catholics have to be out of town by sundown!" His apologies were profuse, but we both knew that things would never be quite the same.

That slip of the tongue on the part of a friend hurt me a good deal more than it should have. Still, it served, as nothing short of the sight of a lynching could have, to drive home a personal realization of the enormity of prejudice. It occurred to me, though I had never seen, much less participated in, a race riot, that the exercise of prejudice in any form was its own act of violence, a little lynching, and that there was always someone, like myself, on the receiving end.

By the time I went to my civilian job in Chicago, I thought myself completely free of racial prejudice. I was not startled to see Negroes working around the offices, thinking them to be cleaning people or messengers. I was jarred, however, when I found that most of them held responsible positions in the organization and that I would be working closely with several Negro men—close enough to have occasion to eat lunch with them, occasionally to share a hotel room with them on business trips, to engage with them in some social life at various official functions.

My reaction, spewing up from that well I thought had long ago run dry, was one of physical and mental revulsion. I tried to rationalize the irrational by telling myself that I was not prejudiced, but this did not mean that I had to go overboard into Negro society. I struggled to find good but incidental reasons for looking around for another, less strenuously interracial office to work in. But even as I tried to convince myself, I remained conscious of the real cause of my uneasiness.

My quandary resolved itself simply by lasting long enough to let me get to know my Negro fellow workers. One day I arrived at work and found myself thinking of the man at the next desk by his name only, not with the mental title of "Negro" blocking it out in heavy type. He became, trite as it

sounds, a person in my eyes. From person, to associate, to friend is not such a long way and we traversed the distance quickly.

The qualities I discovered in this man were those I would have liked and respected in any friend. Knowing him, it seemed impossible that I once could have believed that all Negroes wanted desperately to be white people, presumed on white friendship, fawned all over them, or tried to use them. I learned that Negroes do not want to be patronized any more than they want to be pitied. I found that the deferential word, the inept verbal sidestepping of a "danger area," can be just as offensive as the thoughtless or abusive phrase. I learned what a tough hide a Negro must develop in order to protect his sensibilities, even while living in one of the most "socially enlightened" of American cities. And I began to understand what it must be like to live under constant threat of humiliation.

That is the story of prejudice in my life. For the reader's sake, I regret that it is not more sensational or at least more dramatic. But my prejudice was acquired quietly, in the most ordinary way. Prejudice does not have to reach the headline-making intensity of screaming mobs, closed schools, or flying rocks in order to be vicious. Racial violence is only the top of the iceberg; the invisible four-fifths lies unseen beneath the surface of more "respectable" minds.

It is a mistake to think that there are different kinds of prejudice; there are only differences in the degrees of its expression. And it takes work to rid oneself of prejudice. For, unlike the hidden menace of the iceberg, prejudice will not automatically dissolve in the warmth and maturity of a sea of years—it will only become more dangerous.

I can think of no more effective or practical way of rooting out personal prejudice than that of working with Negroes. Today it is just about the only way in which a white adult can get to meet and know a Negro adult.

I have worked and eaten and shared rooms with my now several Negro friends. I have entertained them, occasionally in my home. This friendship has not resulted in my going into Negro society, nor has white society ejected me. I do not wander with eyes radiating approving love through the nighttime streets of Negro slums; I have no master plan for integrating my neighborhood. But the good fortune of coming to know just one Negro through the reality of daily work has rendered me incapable of ever again seeing his race as one great mass of undesirables.

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NEW SOLDIERS IN THE COLD WAR

(Continued from page 57)

about the Foreign Service Institute and the present-day brand of diplomats, apart from their humble awareness of how much still remains to be accomplished, is the intensity and enthusiasm they display in preparing themselves for their jobs.

During lunch periods and often after closing hours (I took several "unguided" tours of the language laboratories and classrooms), scores of students were putting in overtime, eating lunches or makeshift sandwich-dinners while they worked. An admittedly surreptitious check of the libraries' stacks showed that scores of background, supplemental books, selected at random, moved in and out of the shelves with unusual rapidity and constancy.

Very probably, the amount of hard work the foreign service representatives do is, in fact, a good indication of their knowledge of the many vital things which remain to be done. Rarely is there evidence of a desire to rest on the oars. Nor do the faculty or students delude themselves with a pose of omniscience or omnipotence. They know full well that serious mistakes will undoubtedly occur. They also know that the day is still far off when "everyone loves the Americans."

Dean Cleveland pinpointed this in recent testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

"Within the recent memory of the most casual newspaper reader," he said, "a mob on the island of Taiwan has sacked the American Embassy; in Lebanon and Algeria, armed rebels have milled about and threatened American libraries; in Peru and Venezuela, fist-clenched students threw stones and spat upon the Vice President of the United States; and in Iraq, angry partisans of the new military regime hurled rocks at the automobile of an Assistant Secretary of State. . ."

Notwithstanding these pockmarks of enmity, great progress has been made in the past five years in the schooling and training of American professional diplomats. Today, their representation of American life in foreign lands is clearer, more factual, and more rewarding where it really counts—with the people, everywhere.

So much is this so that one would not be seriously amiss if he were to suggest to William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick, the authors of *The Ugly American*, (and to their supporters) that it might not be a bad idea to take another look at the subject of their book.

The Ugly American has had his face lifted—and it's been wonderfully improved.

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